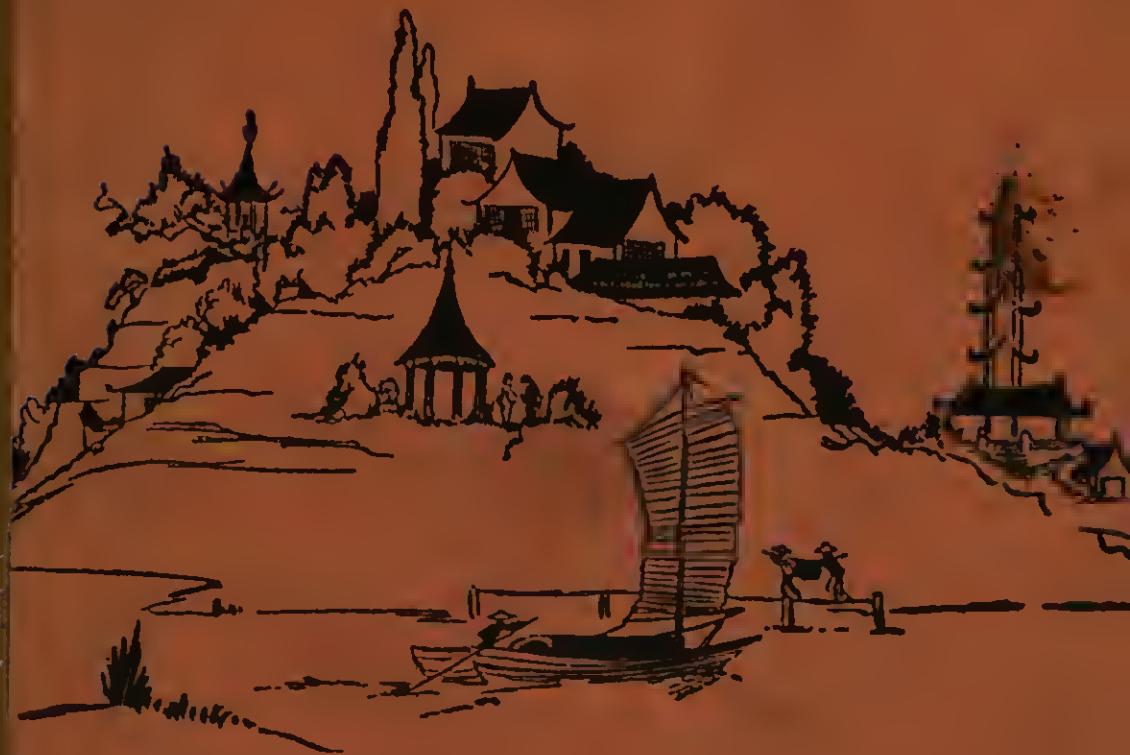


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I was there

... when it happened
in CHINA



MARY CULLER WHITE

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When It Happened in China

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MARY CULLER WHITE

I was there

* * when it happened in
CHINA



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I WAS THERE
When It Happened in China
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SET UP, PRINTED, AND BOUND BY THE
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cc

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TO

DWIGHT LAMAR SHERERTZ
of Soochow University

who organized the refugee work on Mokanshan so well that
when he had to leave I was able, in a way, to carry on

AND TO

FRED P. MANGET

my good doctor

who against all mission precedent allowed me to stay on a
mountain between two hostile armies and then cheered me
with morale-building letters, all beginning with the absurd
salutation "Dear Miss Warhorse"

6 April 1948 Jinling 100

INTRODUCTION

IN THE RECENT TESTING DAYS an unnumbered host of Christ-like men and women stood in the far and dangerous places of the earth as the accredited messengers of Christ and the champions of love and good will in a world of hate and war.

This book is a moving account of the experiences and convictions of such a champion—Miss Mary Culler White, a gallant lady who stood bravely in the place of danger. If Christianity has had anywhere on the earth a braver, more Christlike servant I have not known him. As her colleague in China I have seen her standing in triumphant faith in the presence of destroyed churches, damaged institutions, homeless and starving millions, living and laboring to relate Christ to this whole sobbing story of human need. One cannot read her stirring narrative without a quickened appreciation of the missionary movement and a deepened desire to walk with Christ as he moves upon the broken roads of earth.

ARTHUR J. MOORE

*Bishop, Atlanta Area
The Methodist Church*

HOW THIS BOOK CAME TO BE

I AM BACK in my home state of Georgia, where the Chattahoochee and my own Ocmulgee sing their song. But my heart is far away in China, the land of my adoption. During the first year after my repatriation I moved restlessly from place to place trying to find the best method by which I could help my adopted country. . . . Ah, the old itch for writing—perhaps that could be used! So regardless of the fact that my hair was white and my age would be a problem in mathematics to my bright young bob-haired classmates, I went to the University of Georgia and enrolled in the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism. And my teachers did their best to rub the rust off the old steel pen. The result? This book, which gives my actual experiences from the autumn of 1937 to the end of 1943.

The account includes an article which I wrote in China in 1938 and slipped out to America, where it was mimeographed and privately circulated. This forms Chapter I. Several of the chapters have appeared serially in *The Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, and the section called "My Manuscript Is Left in China" was published in *The World Outlook*. I now thank the editors of these periodicals for their courtesy in allowing me to revise and use this material.

Many individuals have helped me by giving advice and encouragement, especially Bishop Arthur J. Moore, who formerly was in charge of our work in China and knew much of this story before I undertook to write it down, and

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Dean John E. Drewry of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism. Miss Eloise Bradshaw of Soochow, China, has given freely of her time in helping me with the manuscript. She took out my antiquated semicolons and tried to eliminate the solecisms. If any of the latter remain, they must have crept in after this watchful friend returned to China. Mrs. R. M. Paty of Changchow helped by coining the meaningful phrase "beneath suspicion." Miss Estelle Dozier of Atlanta, Georgia, typed the entire manuscript and refused remuneration until such a time as the book was paying its own way. Such faith was indeed heartening. To all these friends, and to others too numerous to mention, I give my thanks.

Now I send the book out in the hope that it may help people to know China. Above all, I hope that it may help someone to know God.

MARY CULLER WHITE

Conyers, Georgia

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My manuscript is left in China—I “co-operate with the inevitable”—I travel from Shanghai to New York via the equator and the tip of Africa

I

THE JAPANESE COME IN

Japanese Soldiers Force Their Way into My Home

WHEN you are sitting in the path of an oncoming army of invasion, the wise thing to do is to get up and run. And I ran—in November 1937, when the Japanese were rapidly occupying all my section of China. My station was Wuchen, in the northern part of the Chekiang province, about eighty miles southwest of Shanghai. But I was careful to run *inward*—toward China's great interior—rather than outward toward one of the port cities. I wanted to remain with my Chinese friends, and I fondly hoped to find a place so small that the Japanese would overlook it. Taking my Bible Women and some other Chinese friends, I fled to the village of Badeu, a hamlet about six English miles from the mountain resort of Mokanshan.

There was a church in Badeu with a volunteer pastor, Mr. Vi, who was so calm, so capable, so generous, and so beloved that many other Chinese Christians, driven out as we had been, came there also. I rented a house across the street from the church and settled down with my group to do missionary work.

During the latter part of December the whole hsien, or county, of Wukaung, to which Badeu belongs, was captured by the Japanese. Early in January the Japanese soldiers made their first visit to Badeu. A Chinese gentleman

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on the reception committee brought the ranking officer to call on me. I was introduced to this man as an American woman taking refuge there and carrying on missionary work with the assistance of a group of Bible Women. These ladies also were introduced to him. He was most polite to us and to the people of the town, and before he left he wrote two notices in Japanese stating that the good people of this town were not to be molested and instructing the Chinese not to run when they saw Japanese coming. One notice was posted on the main bridge of the town and another at the church. My group felt reassured, and the next time the soldiers came we did not leave our home. Several visits of the soldiers passed without incident, although on one occasion some private soldiers came into my home and asked to go upstairs. As they had no officer with them I refused, and after a casual examination of our living room and our food they left.

Then came the day of January 26—a day never to be forgotten in the calendar of my life. It was just after breakfast and I was at the window in my upstairs bedroom when a group of Japanese soldiers called to me from the street. I answered politely, and they went on up the street. A few minutes later they returned and beat on our front door. I went down and opened the door slightly, but stood in the aperture, as I did not wish them to come in. They insisted on entering, and finally I said, using signs as well as words, that I would agree to let two in. When these two were inside, the others pushed rudely past me and came in also. I tried to detain them in the living room, but they rushed past me and went upstairs where my young ladies were. By the time

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I reached the second floor I found that my attractive young co-workers had scattered into the four rooms that comprised the upstairs, also that two beautiful girls from next door had fled to us because the Japanese had entered their house by a cellar door which we used in common. Two of the upstairs rooms were passageways as well as bedrooms, but the Japanese made for the inner rooms, which had no exit. I followed one group of soldiers and saw the evil eyes of the men on the girls, while one of their number pointed with his finger and ominously counted the beds! Another one of the men had his hand stretched out to slip the bolt on the door and prevent the girls from escaping, but some power held him back for an instant, and in that moment the girls fled to the outer room.

Meantime one of my workers, a practical young woman of about thirty-five, was calling me to come to my room, which was also an inside room. There I found several of my young women and also my neighbor's girls. The Japanese were again trying to push in, but the young lady who had called me had grabbed a broom and was sweeping dust into their faces while she calmly pretended to be cleaning the room. The Japanese fear dust almost as much as cannon balls, and some of them had come to a halt. Others were more bold and pushed on into the room. One, who had a small Red Cross kit, selected a blooming girl belonging to my neighbor and asked me her age. I replied truthfully that I did not know. Our conversation was limited, as the Japanese did not know English and spoke only broken Chinese, but by every gesture at my command I was urging them out

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of the room and toward the stairs. I seemed doomed to failure, for again a hand was stretched out to bolt the door, but for the second time a higher power held back the arm, and I was able to get the most dangerous one—the one with the Red Cross outfit—out of the room and to the top of the stairs.

There he stopped, and in clearer Chinese than he had yet used made his demand: "You give me two young women" ("two" in Chinese meaning several). Bear in mind that all these men were fully armed with pistols and rifles, and that this one had a hypodermic needle as well. Also remember that our exit was cut off by the soldiers on the stairs and by others at the front and back entrances below. We were trapped!

"You give me two women!" I went cold all over, but by the help of God I talked on evenly in my best Chinese.

"I have been polite to you, and you must be polite to us." With this expression repeated over and over, and with a volume of silent prayer going up from all our hearts, I finally got the group down the stairs and out on the street.

Later the Red Cross man came back and offered to give me a hypodermic injection! But by that time I had Pastor Vi with me, and we sent for the officer in charge of the group. This man was able to understand English when it was written, so I wrote on a paper, "I am an American woman. This is my house. I have Chinese ladies living with me. We look to the glory and honor of great Japan to protect us all." After the officer read this, he and the men, making many bows, took their departure, the little piece of

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paper with "the glory and honor of great Japan" going with them.

Sixty of Us Are Imperiled in a Church

After the incident of the Japanese in my home, I put a big sign on my door saying that this was the home of an American. But we had bad weather and the soldiers did not return for some time. During the third week in February, however, they began to come back. This time they said they were looking for Chinese soldiers, who it seemed had become active in the hills around Badeu. At first only a few Japanese came, but on February 19 about two hundred arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon and occupied the town.

The people of the village, sensing danger, fled to the mountains, while the local Christians and we who were there as refugees went to the church and held a service of song and prayer. The men were seated on one side of a central aisle and the women on the other, with as many of the younger women as possible huddled toward the front. Pastor Tai, our district superintendent, led the service, and carried off the trying situation with dignity and assurance. I was the doorkeeper, and I made my best bow to each detachment of soldiers that came, asking them to come in and have seats on the men's side. But they were bent on mischief. A few of them searched for Chinese soldiers, of whom there were none in the church or the village, but most of them were looking for beautiful women—of whom there were many right at hand.

I WAS THERE

I tried to keep the soldiers in the back of the church near the door. My prestige as an American was supposed to help out in this respect, and of course they knew that I was an American—first, because some of them had been to Badeu before; second, because of the sign on my door; and third, because of my personal appearance: fair skin, gray eyes, and snow-white hair. But none of these things counted for much with that bunch of Japanese soldiers. One of them slipped past me and seated himself in a vacant pew on the women's side just behind my neighbor and one of her beautiful daughters. He pulled the hair of the mother and then the girl's hair. I walked forward and politely but firmly asked him to sit elsewhere. He moved, and things were quieter for a time. But more soldiers were crowding in at the door, and they began to talk and disturb the service. I turned and motioned to them, asking them to be quiet.

One of them became defiant and made motions with his hands on his own neck, threatening to cut off my head. It was so absurd that I laughed as I said in Chinese, "I am not afraid." He then put his hand on his pistol and made the motion of taking it out and shooting me in the heart. I laughed again, and repeated that I was not afraid. On this he came forward and, taking me by the shoulder with his left hand, struck me in the chest with his right fist. It was more of a threat than a blow, but it was hard enough to hurt. I was surprised and indignant, but again I was able to smile and repeat, "I am not afraid." Most of the younger women were fully alarmed by this time, and they sat with faces averted and heads bowed.

One soldier, bolder than the rest, walked up the aisle and,

THE JAPANESE COME IN

selecting an attractive young lady at the end of the first pew, lifted away the hair that partially covered her face. He was looking at her with a dangerous stare, but I was at his heels, and I motioned him back to the door. He took me by the shoulders and gave me a shake, but he went back and left the girl alone. When I had resumed my seat he came over to me, and, unbreeching his rifle, showed me the long cartridge in the cylinder, at the same time making threatening signs to show me how easily he could kill me. I smiled and repeated once again in English, "I am not afraid."

After that I was not molested, but the atmosphere was getting tenser all the time, and it was becoming harder and harder to keep the service going. All the men in the church were taken out on the street and searched. In the process one preacher was slapped and several persons had their lives threatened. About four o'clock a Japanese soldier stalked through the church and entered the preacher's home, which adjoined the church in the rear. Several others followed, and we knew that the house was being searched. We felt that it was best to leave the investigators entirely alone. But there was a half-witted woman in the congregation, whom I had taken care of for nineteen years. She was seated among the women, where we thought she was safe, but she wanted to see what the soldiers were doing in the parsonage, so she slipped away and went into the house. Soon we saw, through the rear door of the church, that the house was being looted. Soldiers were coming down the stairs laden with bedding and clothing, which they carried out through a side door into a poultry yard that opened on the street. This was too

I WAS THERE

much for the feeble-minded woman. Taking hold of an armful of bedding which a soldier was carrying out, she protested vigorously. The soldier slapped her twice so hard that the blows resounded through the church. Even so, she remained in the house to watch what was going on. The looting continued, to the accompaniment of the scripture choruses which we were singing:

In nothing be anxious, in nothing be anxious,
But in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving,
Let your requests be made known unto God.

After looting the house the soldiers attacked the yard, which was just outside the windows of the church. They caught the chickens and carried them off, then the ducks, and last of all the family pig. The loud squawks and squeals almost drowned our voices, but we sang on—"In nothing be anxious," repeated over and over. I turned to the front door and saw three jinrickshas pass, piled high with bedding—loot from other houses down the street, perhaps our own. Meantime the officers were making inquiries in writing of the preachers and of a non-Christian village elder who was with us in the church. "Are there Chinese soldiers in the town?"

"None."

"Are there any plain-clothes men in the town?"

"We don't know."

"Why don't you know?"

And so on. The minutes dragged. It seemed the longest day of my life. The last song died in our throats as the interrogator wrote his supreme question and passed it to the

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village elder: "Will you give us some women?" My eyes were glued to the paper as that non-Christian but fatherly Chinese gentleman took the paper and wrote, "They are all God's daughters." And the soldier let it go at that.

Night was falling by this time. The lamps and the oil had been looted, and we knew that our few candles were no defense against the dangers that the dark would bring. But God sent help through the ranking officer, who came into the church about this time, bringing his interpreter with him. District Superintendent Tai appealed to this man to protect our group. After a bit of conversation the officer took a Chinese pen and wrote three notices—one for each entrance to the compound—saying this was an American church and the people belonging to it were good people who should be protected. He then instructed our whole group of more than sixty people to remain in the church all night, saying, through the interpreter, "If any of you go out on street you will be shot by Japanese soldiers." We promised to stay put, but, as I had no coat with me and no bedding for myself or my co-workers, I asked the officer to allow me to go home under the escort of a soldier and get some things. Calmly he looked at me and said, "I think your house has been occupied by Japanese soldiers." And I had left it carefully locked at two o'clock!

Before the officer departed he gave us an anxious moment by proposing that some of the soldiers stay in the church all night—to protect us! With profuse politeness we thanked him, but suggested that it might be better for us to bar the door on the inside while the soldiers remained outside on sentry duty. After thinking it over he agreed to this, and

I WAS THERE

gave the order to that effect. When the last soldier had gone and the big iron gate had been triple-barred and locked, we sat down in the semidarkness and the cold to relax a little. It was then seven-thirty, and we had been under strain since two o'clock!

But we could not relax long. There were stories to hear. My feeble-minded woman said that she had been taken to a dark room in the back of the house and criminally assaulted. Her graphic description of what had taken place, together with her subsequent pain and illness, made us know that she was speaking the truth.

One of my Bible Women also came and said that she had had a narrow escape. She was a youngish-looking woman of about forty-five who had thought her age would save her from insult. She said she had grown frightened for the life of one of the preachers as he was being rigorously questioned in the church. So she left the group and went into the prayer room, just across a little passageway from the rear door of the church. While she was praying she became conscious that someone was in the room. She looked up and saw a Japanese soldier beside her. She got to her feet, and the man began to unbutton her sweater. Thinking that he wished to loot, she helped him take it off. Next he began to unbutton her long Chinese robe. She thought he was searching for money, and she was getting ready to hand him what she had, when another soldier entered the room. The first one then said to her in Chinese, "You come with me to the back of the house." She at last realized her danger, but with great presence of mind she said, "Will you, sir,

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please go first?" As soon as he was outside the door she darted across the passageway into the church, where she crowded up to the front and so escaped.

These stories did not make it easier to pass the night as we sat or reclined on the hard benches of that cold church. But the hours wore away at last, and with the coming of dawn we could hear the Japanese soldiers starting for the hills back of Badeu. It took a long time for them to pass. No one came to tell us that we could go out, but about eight-thirty the street was clear and we ventured out. Not an inhabitant of the town was to be seen. We ran to my house, where we found the notice "Home of an American" torn down and all the doors broken in. The place was in utter confusion from the top floor to the cellar. All that was desirable had been taken—bedding, clothing, valuables. The other things had been thrown on the floor and trampled on or ruthlessly torn up. My brief case and trunks had been ransacked, and important papers and cherished pictures were lying in a dirty mess on the floor. All my Bible Women had suffered in the same way, and their things and mine were hopelessly mixed in the debris that covered the floor of every room. We hastily salvaged what we could and ran with it to the church. Later we went up and down the street and found all the houses open and empty of inmates. The people had fled when the Japanese had arrived the day before, and they had not yet returned. Some of our bedding was found in our neighbors' houses, to which no one but the Japanese could have taken it, since they were the only people in the town except those shut up in the church.

We Escape to Mokanshan

The day thus strangely begun was Sunday, and we had our church service in the morning as usual. But before we could gather our scattered cooking utensils together and prepare our dinner, four Japanese soldiers arrived. One of them had a Red Cross kit and was able to speak a few fragmentary words in English. We began a service at once, but there were many interruptions. The visitors said they were looking for Chinese soldiers, but they soon began to make absurd demands. They said, "We will sleep in this house tonight." To which I replied, "I have a house across the street which I will put at your disposal." When I took them over, showed them the mess, and explained its cause, the Red Cross man had the grace to bow his head in shame, and bring his hand to a salute.

But he was soon back in the church making other demands. He wanted Pastor Vi's boy, a lithe lad of about nineteen, to be his ricksha coolie. We intervened by offering to find a coolie for him who could really pull a ricksha. Then he said roughly: "We must have women to go with us and cook our food. These two will do. Come on, now!" He had selected the two daughters of Pastor Vi, one of whom was a Bible Woman and the other a trained nurse. One of the girls found courage to protest, and I looked at that callow youth and said in English, "Never." He seemed to get my meaning, for the four men got up and made a final departure from the church.

The usually imperturbable Pastor Vi was now thoroughly aroused. Although it was already four o'clock, he got up

THE JAPANESE COME IN

and said: "We must leave this place at once. Let all who can do so start immediately for Mokanshan." The distance was six miles and the walk included a climb of two thousand feet. In spite of these difficulties, two groups of about twenty each started. The first group got safely out of the village, but the second was stopped by the Japanese, who were returning en masse to make camp at Badeu. The soldiers would allow the party neither to go on to Mokanshan nor to return to the church. Pastor Tai and I were sent for, and when we arrived at the place we found that what the soldiers wanted was the bundles of bedding which the would-be travelers were carrying. I explained to the captain that these people had been looted the night before and so had very little left. The officer replied naïvely, "Their bedding must have been taken by the local Chinese, because Japanese soldiers do not do such things."

Knowing that it would do no good to argue this point, we contented ourselves with politely insisting that he let our people go back to the church with their bedding. At first he was adamant. The Japanese soldiers *needed* that bedding, and we must "lend" it to them. But finally we hit upon the expedient of dividing each bundle and giving them half. Even then they would not let our group return until I had promised that out of our scant supply we would find other bedding for them at the church and send it down. In return I extracted a promise that we might bar the church door and spend the night in peace. I also tried to secure a written permit for the party to go to Mokanshan the next morning, but this the captain refused. When all had been arranged, we went back to the church, sent what

I WAS THERE

we had promised, and then for a second time settled down to sleep on the benches or the floor of that cold building.

Early Monday morning all the able-bodied members of our group were eager to start for Mokanshan. Pastor Tai and I went to the headquarters of the Japanese, where, by much writing of Chinese and many bows, we got a verbal promise that they would let the group pass. I was to take the party past the camp and the sentries, and then return to stay with the helpless ones until they too could be evacuated. Before we started, the Chinese girls tied up their heads like peasants and put on the worst clothing they could borrow, but the camouflage was only a partial success.

I took the group out the back gate and across the hills that lay behind the church, until we reached the Japanese headquarters on the main road. There we were halted and told to wait until the captain had time to see us. We waited. Moments dragged into hours, and it seemed that the captain would never come. The girls had seated themselves on a little hill just above the road where the Japanese were making a fort. The soldiers were all around us gathering rocks and digging up earth. They were staring at the girls and making rude jokes as they went about their work. We were like a little flock of kids there on the hillside, and I felt that the presence of one American woman offered but thin protection to the group.

Time dragged on. More jokes; more lewd glances. There was only one thing we could do—pray. And then, quite suddenly, a Chinese gentleman came out of the headquarters and courteously said in English: "May I introduce myself, Miss White? I am Mr. Ho, and Mr. D. L. Sherertz and I

THE JAPANESE COME IN

have come down from Mokanshan to take all of you back with us. Mr. Sherertz has the American flag with him, and all will be arranged soon." And then I knew that this was Mr. Ho Tsang, a diplomat and former consul to New York who had been educated in Japan, who had now come along to interpret and to act as a go-between.

He returned to Mr. Sherertz, and the conference at headquarters continued. We still stood, or sat on the hillside, but everything was different now. For we knew that deliverance had come. A little later Mr. Sherertz appeared, and the Stars and Stripes floated out between those lewd soldiers and that group of girls. I thanked God, and at the same time I said in my heart, "God is as real as that flag, only we cannot see him."

Mr. Sherertz told me that he had some sedan chairs outside the village so that we could return to the church, get the infirm and the aged, and then all go to Mokanshan together. As we carried out this plan we found that the Japanese had suddenly become courteous. They even urged us to leave quickly, as they said there might be fighting in the village within a couple of hours. We were all on the road by noon—a long string of about fifty refugees. The flag and the gifted Mr. Ho got us safely past the Japanese sentries, and by nightfall the party had reached Mokanshan.

Thus our women and girls escaped that which they feared worse than death. But as I came away I was thinking of the thousands of women in Japanese-occupied territory who had no American woman with them, no friendly Mr. Sherertz to come with the flag, and no knowledge of a heavenly Father to whom they could pray. What of them?

II

WITH THE CHINESE REFUGEES

I Am Isolated with Five Thousand Refugees

FIVE THOUSAND Chinese refugees on a steep, cone-shaped mountain, with the Japanese army in front, the Chinese army behind, and me, a lone American, there in the midst of them—that was the situation on Mokanshan in Central China in the year 1938.

This is how it came about: The Chinese had flocked to this place because before the war it had been an international summer resort with property owned by Americans, British, French, Italians, Russians, and Germans, as well as by wealthy Chinese. Perhaps, thought the Chinese of that region as the war came to their very doors—perhaps we can find safety on the mountain. But the summer people and the property owners had nearly all fled to the greater protection of the big International Settlement in Shanghai. Only D. L. Sherertz and his family, of Soochow, and Mrs. Hubert L. Sone and her children, of Nanking, remained. However, Mr. Sherertz was a farsighted man who had realized what it would mean to the refugees if the place was acknowledged as a safety zone.

Accordingly he had visited, in turn, the two hostile armies as they lay encamped, one before and the other behind the mountain; and he had used his powers of persuasion to accomplish something which few men, even Americans, would

WITH THE CHINESE REFUGEES

have dared to attempt. He had extracted from the commanding officer of each of the contending armies an oral promise to respect the neutrality of Mokanshan provided the opposing army did not occupy the mountain with soldiers.

At this juncture I had come into the picture, bringing with me about fifty Chinese women and girls from the village of Badeu. Nobody knew whether Mokanshan could be maintained as a safety zone or not, but at least it was safer than the place where my group had been.

Two weeks passed, and then one day as I was getting ready to eat dinner I received an imperative message from Mr. Sherertz: "Come to the clubhouse at once; the Japanese are here, and I need your help." I hurried down to the main street and learned that Mr. Sherertz was inside the club entertaining some twenty Japanese soldiers who were "visiting" the mountain. In a few minutes Mr. Sherertz slipped out and said: "Miss White, these Japanese soldiers are here and I *must* entertain them, but I have heard that a band of Chinese soldiers has moved around to the front of the mountain and is waiting there in ambush to kill these Japanese as they go down. That would mean that all the Japanese soldiers in the camp would come up here and take revenge. They would burn the houses, rape the women, and massacre the men. Someone will have to hurry down the front of the mountain and persuade the Chinese officer to call off the attack. Will you go?"

What an assignment! I tried to think it through. Could I say to the Chinese officer: "Please, kind sir, don't fight the Japanese—at least, not here. Somebody promised Mr. Sherertz not to fight on the mountain. It must have been

I WAS THERE

your superior officer. Live up to that compact, please. . . . No, the agreement was not in writing. . . . No, I cannot guarantee that the Japanese will never occupy the mountains with soldiers. But, please sir, for the sake of the many helpless civilians on this hill, go away and fight somewhere else." That line of argument did not sound convincing to me. But Mr. Sherertz was standing there waiting for my answer, and I knew that *somebody* had to make the attempt. The other two American women had children to take care of. Clearly I was the only third-party neutral free to undertake this delicate task. I reluctantly said I would go, and two Chinese gentlemen agreed to go with me—one an elderly Christian who knew every inch of the mountain, the other a fiery young patriot, a college graduate, who was the head teacher in a well-organized school, whose faculty and students had taken refuge on the mountain.

Mr. Sherertz sent someone to his home and secured a large American flag, and, armed with this, I backed into a waiting sedan chair. The two men seated themselves in chairs behind my own, the bearers lifted us to their shoulders, and off we went, leaving a crowd of anxious Chinese gazing after us.

Would my mission succeed? I did not know. I prayed practically every step of the way down that mountain, and what I asked was this: "When we get to the spot, O God, please let us find that the Chinese soldiers have already withdrawn." And that was exactly what happened! My relief was so great that I could hardly sit in my chair. We hurried on and made a wide detour in order to come up the

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mountain from another side. We could not risk meeting those twenty Japanese soldiers on the road!

When we reached the top of the mountain I was greeted by scores of grateful people. They thought I had saved them, whereas I had done nothing at all—no, that is not exactly true. I had prayed, and God had answered my prayer.

There were other visits from the Japanese. Once they came up the mountain on horseback, two hundred strong, and spent the entire day. Mr. Sherertz entertained the officers, but the soldiers roamed at will, entering houses, making overtures to Chinese girls, and looting where they felt so inclined. Clearly we were none too safe in our "safety zone."

Another thing also troubled us: One of the Sherertz boys had had an accident to his eye. This had happened before I reached the mountain, but no American doctor had been able to get through the lines to see the child. Finally, about the first of April, Dr. Fred P. Manget of the Huchow General Hospital succeeded in reaching the mountain. He looked at the lad's eye and said to Mr. Sherertz: "This is serious. You will have to take the boy down to Shanghai for an operation."

"Can't I send him?" asked Mr. Sherertz. "You see, I am needed here. Five thousand people are looking to me for protection. I want to go, of course, but I feel that it is my duty to stay here."

The doctor cast a withering glance at the unhappy father and opened up a bombardment that lasted far into the next day. "That's all right, Sherertz," he said. "You don't have to go. If you feel that your duty to these refugees is greater

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than your duty to your family, I will take your wife and children and go to Shanghai. I will have the operation performed, and will try to take the place that you, the boy's father, ought to take. Oh no, you don't have to go. Stay here with your refugees."

I was in the room with the two men, and I couldn't help hearing the conversation. As the hours passed and the tirade continued I grew really sorry for Mr. Sherertz. In the end he capitulated and said that he would go. The whole family got ready to leave, and of course Mrs. Sone and her two children decided to go with them. This lady had long been waiting for some opportunity like this. No mail was coming through, and all she knew about her husband was that he had been in Nanking at the beginning of the siege. For all she knew he might have been killed there, or, even supposing that he had got away, he might have gone down on the *Panay* when the Japanese sank that American gun-boat just after it left Nanking. No, Mrs. Sone had no desire to stay in Mokanshan. She wanted to get away and get news of her husband.

The party was to leave the mountain as soon as passes could be secured from Japanese headquarters and transportation could be arranged to Hangchow, where the travelers would take the train for Shanghai. With all the Americans leaving the mountain, I wondered what our doctor would decide about me. I doubted that I could withstand such a bombardment as he had directed against Mr. Sherertz, and so I decided to take the offensive. "Dr. Manget," I said, "I want to stay up here with these people. They need someone to help them, and I am the only American who is free

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to undertake the job. I have no family obligations calling me down, and I would consider it a privilege if I could stay. Moreover, I know how to 'go native.' I can eat what the Chinese eat and wear what they wear. Therefore I can get along all right, even though separated from all people of my own race. These Chinese want me to stay, and I hope that you, as our medical adviser, will allow me to do so." The doctor said nothing, and looked unconvinced, so I shot another round.

"I have lived a full life, and have almost reached the retirement age. If something should happen to me so that this would be the end, that would be all right, too."

The doctor seemed to be studying my case as he led me to talk on and on. Finally he turned suddenly and said: "Miss White, I agree with you. I think you ought to stay."

"Whew!" I gasped. Well, that was that!

Two days later I bade them all good-by, and watched the long procession of sedan chairs wind its way down the mountain. That was Tuesday, and the following Friday the young teacher came to my house and said: "Miss White, the Chinese colonel behind the mountain has sent 130 fully armed soldiers up here, and they have occupied house No. 600. If they remain, the Japanese soldiers will come up and a battle will take place in our streets. I have come to ask you to go down the back side of the mountain to the Chinese headquarters and request the colonel to call his men down."

"Who will go with me?" I asked.

"I will," he replied, "and others will go, too, if we need them."

The next day three Chinese gentlemen and I set out in

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sedan chairs. We went down to the plain, and rode and rode through the hot spring sunshine until we came to a large but broken-down house in an obscure hamlet. Here we got out of the chairs and walked through a labyrinth of rooms and passageways, each seeming more dilapidated than the last. The poor Chinese, I thought. They have the superior numbers and the fighting spirit, but they are so poorly equipped they have to hide their camp in a place like this, and be content to do nothing except harass the enemy.

At this point in my thinking we reached the colonel's office—a room that was most businesslike in appearance. As I walked in my heart gave a bound. *I knew the colonel!* He had visited Badeu when I was staying there. Best of all, I knew that he was a Christian. Yes, there was his little gilt-edged Chinese Testament in a conspicuous place on his desk. I felt more hopeful about getting those soldiers removed from the mountain.

The colonel received us with dignity, and then the young teacher spoke. I was leaving the speechmaking and diplomacy to him. In deferential tones and measured Chinese phrases, he began: "Respected sir, we have come into your honorable presence to ask a favor. There are many thousands of refugees who have come to Mokanshan for protection because they look upon the place as an international settlement. Moreover, the Japanese promised Mr. Sherertz, when he was up there, that if the Chinese did not occupy the mountain with soldiers they would not do so, either. But now I have to inform you, sir, that 130 of your soldiers are up there. If they remain the Japanese will come

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up and open a fight—and many helpless Chinese civilians will be slain. And so we are here to request that, if it is within the realm of military possibility, you will call your soldiers down and relieve this dangerous situation."

As our spokesman sat down, the colonel, much to my surprise, turned to me, saying: "I beg your pardon, Miss White. I heard that Mr. Sherertz and his family had left, and I thought that *all* the 'foreigners' had gone with him. I knew that in that case the Japanese soldiers would come up and occupy the mountain. Naturally I wanted my men to get there first, so I sent them up. But now that I know you are there the situation is different. I will call them down immediately."

He left the room, and, although he was without a telephone line reaching to the top of the mountain, he got a message up there so fast that when we were halfway home we met the 130 soldiers coming down, bringing all their equipment with them. They politely stepped off the path to let our chairs go by, and as they did so they saluted and said, "We beg your pardon for causing you so much trouble."

I went home deeply grateful to God over the outcome of my visit, yet highly amused over the method of its accomplishment. I had been taken down that mountain, not as Mary Culler White, and certainly not as a missionary—no, I had been taken as "Exhibit A: The International Population of an International Settlement." In my mind's eye I could see a placard bearing these words hanging around my neck, and I fancied that the last line on my signboard read: "Let all belligerents beware!"

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Such was the influence of one third-party neutral in China in the year 1938.

Will We Get the Money in Time?

"I must have three hundred dollars by tomorrow," said the keeper of our empty treasury.

"Indeed he must," agreed our purchasing agent, Mr. Koo. "It must be given to him with orders to turn it right over to me. I made the purchases in good faith for this association, and now you tell me there is no money to pay for the things you ordered me to buy. What sort of business is that?"

We knew he was right, but we did not know what to do about it. This was a meeting of the executive committee of the Mokanshan International Relief Association—an organization with a big name and small resources. This committee was in charge of everything that concerned the lives of the five thousand refugees who had come to this mountain for protection during the Sino-Japanese war. Food had to be purchased in the valley, brought up the mountain on the backs of coolies, and resold to such refugees as still had money to live on. The others—the destitute of our community—had to be fed free. Since there had been no mayor or city council, no police force or night watchmen, when the refugees began pouring in, Mr. Sherertz, my predecessor on the mountain, had organized the prominent refugees into an administrative committee which had taken over the duties of a town council and a Red Cross chapter combined.

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It had been possible at that time to send letters by hand to Shanghai, and thus to make appeals to the Red Cross and other philanthropic agencies there. These letters had met with a generous response, so that there had been no lack of funds to feed the poor and to pay all our community expenses as well. But now Mr. Sherertz was gone, the number of destitute people was increasing daily, and for three long months we had been cut off from the outside world. We had tried to get a message to Shanghai by sending one of our own number—a Chinese gentleman of great resourcefulness and courage—to make appeals there. But he had now been gone six weeks, and not a word had been heard from him. Had he been killed as he was slipping through the lines of the Japanese army that held most of the territory around us?

Well, we were in the committee room that September day in 1938, faced with obligations which we could not meet. True, many refugees still had private funds hidden in old tin cans or buried in the ground, but there was not a cent for public use, and we were three hundred dollars in the red.

"Wait a little longer," suggested someone to our treasurer, Johnny Kao. "Our messenger will surely return before long, bringing ample funds with him."

"I can't wait," said Johnny. "Mr. Koo here, who has done the buying for us, is being plagued night and day by our creditors."

The chairman, an able but quick-tempered young school teacher, said: "Some of us still have private funds. We must put our hands into our pockets and each lend to this association a proportionate part of the three hundred dol-

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lars. There are ten of us here. Let each lend thirty dollars, and we will get it back when our messenger returns."

At this point I slipped out and beckoned to the Chinese lady who was the only other woman on the committee. "How much can you lend?" I asked. She named a generous sum. "All right," I said, "I will put my amount with yours, and the two of us together will supply half the needed three hundred."

We returned to the committee room and I whispered this news to the young chairman, but he shook his head. "The way to get this amount," he insisted, "is to *prorate* it. We will then share equally in whatever risk may be involved. Let each one produce thirty dollars, and that will clear up our obligation." Poor chap! He was usually democratic, and his leadership had been accepted on the mountain. But now—! The committee members began to get angry.

"I cannot agree" said lawyer Song. "I have no money left, even for private use."

"You are being protected by this association as well as the rest of us," said the chairman. "You ought to bear your share of the expense."

"How can I," shouted the lawyer, "when I have no money left? I will leave the mountain before I will pay it."

The rest of us grew apprehensive. Lawyer Song leave the mountain! Why, we counted on him for advice on all legal points, and, as he had been educated in Japan, he knew the Japanese language and could act as our interpreter when necessary. We could not willingly let Mr. Song leave the mountain. I tried to get the floor in order to push my idea of each lending whatever amount he chose, but by this time

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all the committee members were talking at once. Finally the meeting broke up in complete disorder.

It was noon, and I went home and sat down to dinner. But by the time I had taken my rice bowl in my hand and elevated the chopsticks with the first bit of rice, I heard a knock at my front door. I went out and found Johnny Kao of the empty treasury, and the unhappy Mr. Koo.

I invited them into my office, which was a small room off the end of the porch. They were both large, important-looking men, and when they came into that tiny office dressed in their flowing Chinese robes they seemed to fill every inch of the space, even that from floor to ceiling. Their gloom was even more pervasive than their importance. The atmosphere was funereal, and Mr. Koo was the chief mourner.

His friend spoke first: "What shall we do, Miss White, now that the meeting has broken up without taking action?"

I nodded sympathetically. "I was very much ashamed of the way the meeting ended this morning."

"The committee does not understand," said Mr. Koo. "The rice merchants and farmers from whom I made the purchases are sitting on my front porch right now, demanding their money. They know there is no money in the treasury, so they have decided to camp on my porch and annoy me until I pay in self-defense. The day shift is there now to prevent me from eating, and the night shift will come on by and by to keep me from sleeping."

I sighed. I had always known the Chinese were a practical people. Now I had added proof of it! But I must turn my thoughts back to the two men before me. Could I suggest some plan by which they could get the money?

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I spoke simply and slowly: "I do not know how we can get the money, but I do know that *God is alive*, and that he hears prayer. If you gentlemen will rise, I will offer prayer to the living God, and ask him to provide this three hundred dollars by tomorrow." They were pagans, both of them, but they rose and stood in a reverent attitude while I offered my simple prayer. When I finished they had tears in their eyes, and both of them were quiet as they went away.

That afternoon I toiled down the steep side of the mountain for about half a mile to the home of Mrs. Sung, my fellow committee woman. "Are you still willing," I asked, "to lend the sum that you named this morning?"

"I am," she replied.

Armed with her promise, I climbed back up the mountain to the home of my neighbor, the chairman. I found him quiet and a little embarrassed. It was evident that his mood had changed, and I found it easy to suggest that we have another meeting.

"Will you call it?" I asked.

He nodded.

"At what time?"

"Tomorrow at three o'clock."

"Will you send a coolie around with the notice?"

Again he nodded.

"I think," I said quietly, "that we had better try to secure the money by subscription *before* we go into the meeting. I have been down to Mrs. Sung's home, and she and I together will lend half of the total needed. I hope that some of us can go around and get the other half promised before

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tomorrow afternoon." The young man looked at my white hair and seemed very much ashamed to have made me walk over the mountain like this. All Chinese reverence age.

"I will try, Miss White," he said, "and I want you to know that I am sorry I lost my temper this morning."

"I understand, because I have a very bad temper myself. I used to lose it all the time, before I turned it over to Jesus Christ. Now he keeps it for me."

The young chairman looked very thoughtful. Was I getting somewhere? I did not know.

That night when I had my time of prayer I offered one petition that sounded irreverent, but the words sprang involuntary from the depths of my heart. "Three hundred dollars, O Lord," I prayed, "three hundred dollars by three o'clock tomorrow afternoon, and no mistake."

The next morning I made the same prayer. Although it was raining, I expected to spend most of the day climbing up and down the steep slopes of the mountain in an effort to secure the rest of the money. But before we had finished the early morning service of worship which the Christians held daily in my home, a messenger ran in exclaiming excitedly, "A telephone message has come from the foot of the hill, saying that three 'foreigners' have arrived and are now walking up the mountain."

Three foreigners! That meant that three Britishers or Americans had got through the blockade and would soon be with us in my home—the first people of my own race whom I had seen in more than three months. They would bring mail and—oh wonderful thought—they might bring money!

About an hour later three missionaries from Hangchow—

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Charles W. Worth, Kepler Van Evera, and Charles Fairclough—walked in. Mr. Worth, who had planned the trip and had driven the party to the foot of the mountain, laid a satchel on my living-room table, saying: "Miss White, here is five hundred dollars for Mokanshan relief. It is from the Chinese Woman's Club of Shanghai. I have had it some time, but I could not get it to you before today."

I looked out the window and saw that the rain was still falling, and I thought of what rain does to Chinese roads. "Charlie," I said, "will you tell me why you came *today*?"

"Well, people have been trying to get up here for three months, and everyone has failed. Princeton Chu, who lives in Hangchow and has property up here, tried it yesterday, but he too was turned back by the Japanese soldiers. Nevertheless, I felt that *this* was the day to come, and I came."

That afternoon at three o'clock I took the bag of money down to the committee room and put it on the table, saying to those non-Christian committeemen: "Gentlemen, God is alive. Here is the three hundred dollars, and two hundred extra besides."

III

RAIDED BY BANDITS

I Meet the Robbers and Lose My Head

THIS STORY is one that I do not want to write, for it is humiliating to me and damaging to a group of Chinese. But I must write it if I am to give a well-rounded picture of my experiences.

Chinese bandits, always numerous out in the mountains, took advantage of the unsettled conditions to prey upon their helpless fellow countrymen with whom I was associated. In Badeu they had been restrained by Mr. Vi, the Christian village elder, whose prestige was so great that he could tell local bandits whom to let alone. A little later when Mr. Sherertz and I were both in Mokanshan, ninety-four armed robbers came one night and raided eleven houses, killing one man who did not get out his money fast enough. But on that occasion they let us Americans strictly alone. Apparently the word had got around that we were there to protect the Chinese civilians from Japanese soldiers, and even the bandits respected us because of that. But now I was to leave Mokanshan and go down on the plain—where the robbers might not be so discriminating.

The way I came to leave the mountain was this: I had been up there as the sole representative of my race from April 1938 to January 1939. Outwardly my circumstances had improved because Mokanshan was now more accessible

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to the outside world. But locally my responsibilities had grown heavier, and the strain was telling on me. Mr. Sherertz was now teaching at the Soochow University, but he got a month's vacation in January 1939 and came immediately to the mountain, saying that I must go to Shanghai and get a rest. I readily agreed, and it was arranged that the Rev. Charles W. Worth of Hangchow, who had brought Mr. Sherertz, should meet me at the foot of the mountain two days later and take me to Huchow. From that point I hoped to go by canal boat to Soochow and then on to Shanghai by rail. It was a roundabout way, but I chose it because I wanted Dr. Manget, in Huchow, to give me a physical examination, and I wanted to visit my aged friend Miss Virginia M. Atkinson in Soochow. If that lady saw me alive she might stop worrying about me.

I had to work hard to get off, and there were many interruptions. People came to call, and many of them brought letters for me to take to Shanghai. For a year and a half they had had no way to send mail out except by hand, and that was always uncertain. But now that I, an American, was going, they felt that it was safe to send out important letters, legal papers, and other valuable documents. As these poured in I threw them into a rattan suitcase, which was soon almost full. Between the visits of these guests I was trying to close up various accounts. No banks had been open on the mountain since the beginning of the war, so I had been banker for scores of people. The accounts ranged from simple deposits of local people to complicated accounts with house owners, mission boards, and other organizations in Shanghai for which I had long been paying

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out money on the mountain. I got the local accounts out of my hands as fast as possible, and then tried to copy statements of all the Shanghai accounts so I could settle with people there. I sat up practically all the last night working on these accounts, but try as I would I could not finish. Finally I gave up and threw the two account books into the suitcase with the mail. I would take these with me and get the accounts straight in Shanghai.

Mr. Worth was late getting to the foot of the mountain the next day, as there was a fight between Japanese soldiers and Chinese guerrillas, right on the road. But he waited until the skirmish was over and came on. How good it seemed when I got into his comfortable Plymouth car and he turned on the heater! It was almost like being in America. We reached Huchow about one o'clock, and Mr. Worth went back to Hangchow the same afternoon.

When Dr. Manget examined me he found that my red-blood count was down to about half what it should have been. This and other grievous charges he laid against me as though they were personal offences. But finally he said: "Go on to Shanghai, get yourself overhauled by doctors and dentists there, and then let me know how you are. But one thing is certain, lady—even if you get well, you are *not* to go back to Mokanshan unless some other missionary is up there to share the responsibility."

That was Saturday, and I found that a canal boat was to leave for Soochow on Monday. When that day came, the hospital staff and other friends in Huchow asked me to take mail to Shanghai for them. I filled a shopping bag with these letters, putting in as a last item a little package of silver

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tracheotomy tubes which Dr. Manget wanted me to take to Shanghai to be exchanged. In addition, I was asked to take a big wooden box which contained hospital machinery to be repaired. At ten o'clock Monday morning I was on the wharf with my baggage. This consisted of one large pigskin suitcase containing my warm winter clothes, the wooden box of machinery with its Red Cross markers, and the rattan suitcase filled with Mokanshan mail and account books. These pieces I checked, because I did not want to call the attention of the Japanese inspectors to what I had. Since both suitcases were of Chinese make, I thought they might pass unnoticed. In my hands I had a leather handbag with my money and the shopping bag with the Huchow letters and gadgets.

Just as I was about to go on board a young Chinese man by the name of Chen was introduced to me, and I discovered that he was the son of a Christian whom I knew. He was also going to Soochow. A little steam launch was to tow several boats that would be coupled together like so many coaches on a train. Mr. Chen and I went on board and were given seats on the barge, a long flat-roofed boat with seating capacity of over a hundred. Our compartment held about twenty-five people, and our checked baggage was placed on the roof immediately above us. We sailed at noon, and as we chugged along the canal toward Soochow I was in high spirits. Everything about my journey, so far, had been propitious, and I felt that it would continue so until the end.

About three o'clock it happened! As we were passing through a lonely section, one of the boatmen came to the

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door of our compartment and said in a low voice, "The robbers are upon us!" Immediately our launch nosed over toward the bank and the robbers sprang on board. As they were coming to our compartment Mr. Chen handed me a small package about the size of my third finger saying, "Keep this." I did not know what it was nor where to hide it. Should I put it in my handbag? No, the robbers would take that first. My pocket? No, I would be searched. Ah, a woman's hiding place! I would put it under my garter. "But be careful, don't let it go in too far. The robbers might see the bulge in your stocking." I lifted my quilted Chinese robe and thrust the little wedge under the elastic just before the first robber came in. They were hard-looking Chinese, all heavily armed, and it took us passengers only a moment to make the same decision the boatman had made—we would obey!

"Everybody get ashore!" they ordered and without waiting for the formality of a gangplank the passengers began to jump. When it came my turn I feared I could not clear the distance, so I held out my hand to a robber on the shore, and he helped me make the leap.

My mind was in a turmoil. My money? Oh, that did not matter. Let them take it! But how could I save the mail? One robber who had passed me as I was getting off the boat must have thought I had something to do with the Huchow hospital, for he had said, "We don't want your things and we don't want Dr. Manget's either." But this man had rushed on before I could collect my thoughts. Now it was too late! I was helpless there on the shore, while the things from our barge were being rapidly looted. Why

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hadn't I run after that friendly robber and told him which pieces of checked baggage were mine? Why hadn't I kept my head? Why, why?

From where I was standing I could see my pigskin suitcase on the roof. A robber came along, pried it open, and began looting the contents. "That is mine," I called. He looked at me inquiringly, but proceeded to pull out of the bag a pair of long hand-knit trousers which I wore under my Chinese clothes. The temptation was too great; he took the trousers and went on. Other robbers came and rummaged through my things. "Mine, mine!" I called to each, sometimes with good effect, sometimes with none. But all the time I was thinking about that rattan suitcase with the mail and the account books. Where was it? If the robbers opened it, they might leave it. But what if they took it away unopened? Why hadn't I kept it with me?

At this time a bandit came and ordered the passengers to walk along the bank of the canal and go across a high bridge which he pointed out. We were now certain that we were being taken to some lonely hideout where we could be conveniently searched. But just after we crossed the bridge a robber came to me and said, "You may go back to the boat." That meant they were not going to search me. Wonderful! But I couldn't be entirely happy, because I was so ashamed of losing the mail and the account books. Well, at least I could go back to the barge and look for them.

When I reached the boat there was still no gangplank, so I had to strain and stretch as I clambered aboard. I was the only nonrobber on the boat, but that did not trouble

me. Laying the shopping bag on the roof, I easily climbed to that level. There was my pigskin suitcase, with its contents half gone, and there was Dr. Manget's wooden box. But my rattan suitcase was nowhere in sight. I did not have room to stand on the roof, because of a low-hanging awning that entirely covered it, so I got down on my hands and knees and crawled all over the place. When I reached the far side, I saw a small boat about to be rowed away. It was piled high with loot—bales of silk that had formed our cargo, and an assortment of baggage belonging to the passengers. But I did not see the piece I wanted.

"Have you seen a rattan suitcase?" I inquired in my best Chinese. "It is full of mail which I am sure you do not want. It is from refugees on Mokanshan who are Chinese just as you are. Please find it for me." But nobody paid any attention to me. I crawled back to where I had got on the roof. To my surprise I saw a number of letters scattered about. Could these have come out of my missing suitcase? I examined them more closely, and then I knew the depth of my stupidity. These letters were from my shopping bag, which was lying empty near by! In my frantic search for the Mokanshan mail I had practically flung away the Huchow sack! Who can say that I did not lose my head in that encounter with the robbers?

I was now completely sobered. I gathered up the scattered letters and found that most of them seemed to be there. But the little package of tracheotomy tubes was gone. I closed the half-empty suitcase and took it, with the shopping bag, to my compartment. I would stay put.

About an hour and a half later the passengers returned

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—but not all of them. The robbers were holding eleven for ransom. Two of these were wealthy merchants who a few hours before had been sitting with us in our compartment.

About this time the bandits, who had now completed their job to their own satisfaction, vanished almost as suddenly as they had come. I thought we were free to resume our journey, but a boatman came and said we could not proceed, as the crew must go back to Huchow and report. "It is now almost dark," he continued, "and we dare not travel at night, so we will steam back to the nearest town, tie up for the night, and return to Huchow tomorrow morning. But no passengers will be allowed to leave the boat. You are under orders to stay right where you are all night." This was direful news, for the compartment was unheated and none of us had even a blanket to wrap up in. But the Chinese took this just as they had taken the robbery —without a word.

As soon as Mr. Chen could get to me he asked, "Are you all right, Miss White?"

"Yes," I answered. "And you?"

"I lost nothing. One of the robbers knew me, and he told the others to let me alone." Then he came a little closer. "Were you able to save the little package?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, and he said a fervent "Thank God." Then I felt for the parcel—but I could not find it! At first I could not believe my senses. Down, down I searched, into my heavy knitted stocking and then into my wadded shoe. But the parcel was not there. A sinking feeling came over me as I realized that it must have dropped out, either when I jumped to the shore or when I clambered

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back on board. The young man grew pale as I searched. "What was it, Mr. Chen?" I asked.

"A wedge of gold that I was taking to Soochow to settle a business debt for my father. Chinese New Year is coming on, at which time all debts must be paid, so I was to sell the gold, pay the account, and bring the balance home."

"How much was it worth?" I asked.

"Twelve hundred Chinese dollars."

I made a hasty calculation and found that at the current rate of exchange I had lost a wedge of gold worth two hundred dollars in United States currency. It had not been taken from me; I had *lost* it! And all because I had not put it deeper down in my stocking, or even in my handbag, which was now in my hand with its contents intact. Oh, why had my judgment been so poor?

I was silent for a while as I contemplated this third avertible disaster. Truly, I had lost my head when the robbers came on board! After a time I said, "Mr. Chen, I am partly responsible, and I will assume half the loss."

"Oh no, you are not at all responsible. You did not even know what it was. Of course I will not let you pay anything, but I do want you to go with me when I tell my father. You can help him to understand."

"I will do that," I answered, "and I intend to do more." The young man went out to see if the package could have fallen somewhere in the debris which now covered the deck and the roof of the barge. But when he returned I knew by his face that he had not found it.

Meantime my companions in the compartment were adjusting themselves to the idea of sitting all night on the

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hard board seats in that cold, bare barge. Nobody complained and nobody cursed the robbers. As the passengers swapped stories and compared losses, I got the impression that it was considered unpatriotic to travel on a Japanese-operated line, as all of us were doing on this occasion. True, there was no boat line or railroad in Occupied China that was *not* operated by the Japanese, but these Chinese passengers excused their own people—even the robbers. One man said: “Those bales of silk they took from our boat today were being shipped to Japan for military use. No doubt the robbers think of themselves as guerrillas, and they call this robbery an act of sabotage.”

That was high-sounding talk, but it did not comfort me. I was grieved not only over the losses of the day but because I had seen some of the people of my adopted country at their worst. Those robbers, being Chinese, were in a way *my* robbers, and I was thoroughly ashamed of them.

We anchored soon after dark, and a boatman brought in one lighted candle on a high pewter candlestick. This was to be our only light for the night. Then the same man brought in a big copper vessel full of steaming congee—rice cooked to the consistency of porridge. Bowls and chopsticks were provided, and we were told to help ourselves. The hot gruel tasted good on that January night. Even I had to acknowledge that the robbers had been considerate in leaving us enough rice for supper.

Knowing that meals are always extra on canal boats, I said to the boatman, “How much do I owe you?” He looked at me pityingly and replied, “Nothing.” I was practically

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the only passenger on that boat who had anything left with which to pay. Our supper was "on the house."

Welcome as it was, that hot meal failed to revive my spirits. I could not get over the humiliation of the day. I felt also that my losses discredited me in the eyes of my fellow passengers. To them, as pagans, religion meant deliverance from all trouble. If a person was not delivered, his religion was not the right kind—that was certain. I thought back over the events of the afternoon. If only I could have found out, when the robbers came on board, which was the chief, and could have induced him to let our boat go unmolested, *then* my fellow passengers would have approved of my religion and listened to my message. But now I had failed miserably! I had kept track neither of my own belongings nor of what had been entrusted to me. Who would listen to a testimony from such a person? This was one night when I could not preach. What a chance I had lost! The long hours of the night were before us. The congregation was assembled and unable to depart. But the preacher's tongue was tied.

Four men sat in chairs about the center table, while the rest of us sat on narrow boards around the wall. Nobody was sleepy, and for several hours I listened while the passengers talked. In this way I learned many things about their psychology. They were patient, they were philosophical, they were hopeful. "Things will get better. The Japanese will be driven out. Business and travel will return to normal. And then we can go to Shanghai without being robbed on the way." As they talked I felt a great respect for them as well as an earnest desire to help them. I was pray-

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ing silently now that if a discredited missionary could do anything for that group of long-suffering people, I might be able to do it.

An Unexpected Opportunity Opens

About eleven o'clock one of the men looked across the room and said to me, "Can you sing 'I Need Jesus'?" It was so sudden that I was quite taken aback.

"I have heard the chorus," I replied, "but I am not sure I can sing it."

"I know it," said Mr. Chen, undaunted by the loss of twelve hundred dollars. "I can sing it."

"All right," I replied. "You lead, and we will sing it together." His young voice rang out with the jingly tune and rhythmic Chinese words:

I need Jesus, I need Jesus,
I need Jesus every day;
Need him in the sunshine hour,
Need him when the storm clouds lower.
Every day, along my way,
Yes, I need Jesus.

The effect was electric. If ever storm clouds lowered, they were lowering that January night as we sat in the semi-darkness, our possessions gone and eleven of our companions left behind, perhaps to torture or even death. All over the compartment people sat up interested.

"We will sing it again," I said, "and I want all of you to help us." The man who had asked for the song joined

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in timidly, and by and by others began to sing. We had found something to interest them and take their minds off their troubles. Before they had time to get tired I asked the first speaker, "Where did you hear that song?"

"I went to a tent meeting in a town near Huchow, and there I heard that song and liked it."

"Did you become a Christian?"

"Oh no. I heard it only a few times, and I did not understand. Will you please tell me what good [advantage] a man gets when he becomes a Christian?" Here was my challenge. I forgot everything, including my humiliation, as I rose to meet the opportunity.

"The Christian religion is like that song," I began. "It does not promise that the storm clouds of life will never lower. It tells us plainly that they *will* do so, but when they come we can sing, 'I need Jesus, need him when the storm clouds lower.' And as we sing, he comes into our hearts and gives us peace."

My own peace was returning as I spoke, and suddenly I realized that it was better for me to have suffered with those people than to have stood out as a marked exception in the general robbery. The passengers were accepting me now as a fellow sufferer. I had a point of contact. From that moment it was all easy. The Chinese words seemed to flow from my lips. I explained the difference between their old religions, which taught them to expect only good luck from the gods, and the religion of Jesus Christ, which gives strength to meet the troubles when they come. "Mr. Chen and I are Christians," I continued, "yet both of us have suffered serious losses today, just as the rest of you

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have. But there is a difference. We know that Jesus is with us right now *in our troubles*. We are trusting him to guide our future lives, and so we have peace."

By this time I realized that we had not only the song and the choir, the preacher and the congregation, but the text. I quoted John 16:33: "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." How it fitted our situation! As I was explaining, I realized that many in that group had never heard the story of Jesus, so I told them in simple words about his life, his death, and his resurrection, emphasizing the fact that he now lives on high where he can hear our prayers and bless us *in our troubles*, whether he saves us *out of them* or not.

Long into the night I talked, for my companions were eager to listen. Every now and then I would stop and teach them a chorus. One of these was a paraphrase of my text set to Chinese music. Another was John 3:16 arranged to fit a simple tune. Again and again I offered to close the service, but my hearers urged me to go on. I called on Mr. Chen to give his testimony, and the people listened thoughtfully. I knew that, as he was a Chinese and a businessman, his words would carry more weight than my own.

Sometime after midnight I called for questions, and soon we were a discussion group. One businessman said that he was interested because he had a relative who was a Christian, and another said that he had been to the Institutional Church in Huchow and had heard the famous Chinese evangelist John Sone preach. I took the names and ad-

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dresses of those who were most interested, so that I could give them to Pastor Tai when we reached Huchow. I knew that this man would be a faithful shepherd to these new inquirers.

One o'clock came. A man at the table offered me his chair so that I could speak to the group with greater ease. I took the chair, but said: "Perhaps we should stop now. There may be those who want to sleep."

"Oh no," came the voice of a woman too timid to join in the discussion. "We women are listening, and we too like to hear."

Two o'clock came, and they were still asking questions. After that I lost the count of time. The tiny candle sputtered and went out. Everything grew quiet. I laid my head over on the table and slept.

The Last Sad Rites Are Said

We reached Huchow the next morning about ten o'clock. The news of our robbery had preceded us, and the whole city came out to meet us. Because of Japanese red tape we were not allowed to leave the dock for an hour, and our friends could not come inside the enclosure. But only a low fence separated us from them, so we could call back and forth, or even go to the fence and speak to them. There was "Big Chang," the business manager of the hospital. I called to him, and he asked, "Did you save the box of machinery?"

"It is here," I replied. "The Red Cross markers saved it."

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Then I saw Dr. Manget, and I said: "Oh, doctor, those silver tubes are gone! I lost them and some of the letters too."

"Hush," he answered, almost roughly. "Everybody knows that when we send out mail by hand, all of it may get lost. We expect it. Forget the whole thing! I want to get you to the hospital where you can get some rest."

I went back to the deck and found Mr. Chen. "I see your father out there," I said. "If you are ready, I will go with you to tell him."

"I have already told him," he said, "and it is all right." And as I looked at the father more carefully and saw the joy on his face I understood. He had been so glad to get his boy back alive that he could not even consider the loss of the gold.

The next day I prepared a polite letter to send to the robbers. Pastor Tai worded it for me: Should we say "Dear Robbers"? Oh no! "Dear Gentlemen?" Of course not. The tactful preacher took the brushlike pen and wrote the Chinese equivalent of "To whom it may concern." Then he went on to state that I had been on the ill-fated boat and that "certain persons" had taken some of my things—by mistake, no doubt. Therefore I was asking the person who received this letter to have the following returned to me:

1. One rattan suitcase full of letters.
2. Two account books with contents in English.
3. One set of silver tubes belonging to Dr. Manget.

The letter closed by saying, "I am staying at the Good News Hospital, and you will know how to get the things to me there." Then came my signature, Ming Mei-li (my

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Chinese name). Pastor Tai and I took this letter to the head man at the launch office and asked him to forward it to the robbers. We were sure that he would know how to reach them, because he was negotiating for the release of the kidnaped men.

This harassed official accepted the letter as a matter of course, but he looked so distressed that I felt we ought to try to help him. Although I knew he was not a Christian I said, "If you are willing, Pastor Tai and I will offer prayer here in your office, asking God that those eleven men may be released."

"Thank you," he said humbly.

Pastor Tai and I then prayed. Two or three days later the eleven men were released. Although I was practically certain that a limited amount of ransom had been paid, I believe that our prayers helped to effect the unusually quick release, and I am sure that the man with whom we prayed thought so too.

About this same time my two account books mysteriously appeared in the hospital office. That was all that ever came in response to my letter, but what a relief it was to have back the data concerning those complicated accounts!

One more thing remained to be done. I must visit Mr. Chen's father. I went alone and found him in his shop. Before the war this had been a beautiful store full of silverware—solid silver vases, teapots, loving cups, rice bowls, chopsticks—everything that rich Chinese would want to buy. Now these things were gone, and the shop was filled with cheap knickknacks, paper, pencils, and soap "made in Japan." Much of the original stock had been looted; per-

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haps some of it had been hidden underground. I devoutly hoped so.

The elder Mr. Chen came out to meet me and asked me to have a seat beside his desk. He was a kindly man whom I had known as the chairman of the board of stewards in the Huchow Institutional Church.

"I do not know how to face you, Mr. Chen," I said, "but I have come to make what reparation I can. I am ready to pay you six hundred dollars."

"The loss is nothing," replied the courtly gentleman as he poured me a cup of tea, "nothing at all."

But I urged him to accept my offer, and suddenly he seemed to get a new idea. "I will call my younger brother," he said. This man came and, after being introduced, was told of my proposition. As I kept insisting on paying the money, Mr. Chen changed his attitude. "All right, Miss White," he said. "That debt in Soochow is really troubling me. It must be paid soon, yet we are short of money just now, and travel is next to impossible. You say that you intend to go to Soochow anyway, and, since you insist, I will let you pay the bill for me. It is \$441. I will come to the hospital tomorrow to arrange the details."

The next day he was shown to my hospital room, where he gave me the address of the party to whom I was to deliver the money. Then he said, "Miss White, I have already placed in Dr. Manget's safe my note for this \$441 which I now accept as a loan."

"Oh no, Mr. Chen," I answered. "I am not lending you the money. I owe it to you for what I lost. Yesterday you said you would accept it that way."

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"I was touched by your offer, Miss White, and I know that I did not explain fully. My brother was sitting there and he is a non-Christian. I wanted him to know what you, a Christian, were willing to do for me, so I had him come there and listen. You were making the offer in good faith and he realized it, but all the while I knew that I could accept the money only as a loan. That note will remain in the safe until I put the money in there for you. You won't know anything about it until after it is done, so you cannot decline to accept it."

Three months later Dr. Manget notified me that Mr. Chen had returned the money, and as the doctor backed him up in his purpose there was nothing for me to do but accept. Once more I had found out that you can't get ahead of the Chinese.

Two days after the interview with Mr. Chen I set out again for Shanghai. This time I went by an entirely different route, as Dr. Manget sent me in his car to the rail-head at Hangchow. John C. Hawk, of the Methodist mission, and Father Conway, of the Catholic Church, were going at the same time, so I was well protected. By making a slight detour we came to the foot of Mokanshan, where I sent a messenger up the mountain with a letter telling the people that all the mail entrusted to me had been lost. When that was done I felt that I had performed the last sad rites over my losses. But I was painfully conscious that last rites, however carefully performed, never bring back the departed.

As soon as I reached Shanghai word got around that I had met the bandits, and a reporter for one of the daily

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papers called to get the story. I persuaded him to say nothing about it, for I still considered the circumstances too embarrassing to me and too—well, too *uncomplimentary* to the robbers! But now, after some years, I am telling the story myself, largely because of two lessons which grew out of it: I could lose my head, and might do so again. But so long as the words “In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world”—so long as these words remained in the Bible, I could not permanently lose my peace of mind.

IV

WHILE AMERICA SLEPT

I Spend My Furlough Giving Facts to Americans

I WAS IN Shanghai not for one month but for six months. The dentist took away some of my teeth and a good part of my money, while the doctors took away all pleasant food and, ultimately, the hope of going back to Mokanshan for any extended period. But for a long time I was not willing to concede this last loss.

My disease was diagnosed as a serious form of anemia, or perhaps something worse, and the cure was said to be liver and yet more liver. All right, I would take the liver. This was given by injection and as a diet. Believe it or not, I ate three hundred meals of beef liver in succession—liver and dry toast for breakfast; liver, dry toast, and spinach for dinner; liver, dry toast, and spinach for supper. I was willing to do *anything*, if thereby I could get well and go back to Mokanshan. And another motive was that I wanted to avoid being sent to America when my furlough fell due in June.

How could I leave China when everything was seething with excitement and unprecedented opportunities for service were opening on every hand? Besides this, I feared that if I went to America I might not be allowed to return to China. My years were piling up. The calendar is inexorable, and I feared that the Board of Missions would be unduly

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influenced by the calendar. Oh no, I could not risk going to America. So I ate liver and more liver. But alas! when all of it had been consumed, I was still far from well and was steadily losing weight.

Reluctantly I decided that I should have to give up and go to America. I could not remain in China and be a burden to my friends. Everyone was kind about helping me get off. Many Chinese friends went out and shopped for me, and two capable Chinese deaconesses came from the interior and did my packing. I did not touch a single trunk, yet so expert were these ladies that only one article was out of place. My umbrella was inadvertently put into the trunk that was consigned to the hold.

Beautiful presents flowed in, as they always do when a missionary is leaving on furlough, and these helped to fill the trunks. This was fortunate, as I had very little left after having my things looted three times.

I sailed on the S.S. *President Taft* on June 16, 1939, and by the time I reached Japan I was feeling much better. One incident of the voyage stands out in my mind. When we were in port at Yokohama I did not want to go ashore. It was raining, and anyway I had seen all that I cared to of the Japanese. But I had some letters I wanted to send back to China, so I decided to take these to the post office. When that errand had been accomplished I still had some time before the ship sailed, and I remembered that I needed a shampoo. Right there in front of me was a clean-looking Japanese barber shop. I went in and the barber took over. He spoke little English and I spoke less Japanese, but we understood each other; and as he washed the dust of Shang-

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hai out of my hair something got washed out of my mind. The barber shop was run by a family who had their home in the back of the shop. The father was the head barber, but his wife was bobbing in and out, making suggestions which he took good-naturedly. The children came in to look at the queer "foreigner" with her white, white hair, and soon we were all laughing together. As I left the shop with my hair clean and shining, I said to myself: "These are the real Japanese. They are just folks, as we are. They work hard. They love their families and they are friendly toward strangers." How glad I was that my last memory of the Japanese was of that family scene and not of those perverted soldiers in China who had been trained into cruelty and hate.

We had a pleasant voyage and went under the Golden Gate Bridge just eighteen days after we left Shanghai. In that short time I had gained twelve pounds, and when the Board of Missions doctors got hold of me in Nashville, Tennessee, a few days later they could find only one thing the matter with me—I was short on acid. What a good way to emerge from those awful war scenes in China—long on facts, but short on acid!

I spent my furlough trying to get those facts across to the American people. I told my audiences what was happening in China and of Japan's plan for world conquest. I begged the people to appeal to Congress to stop the sale of scrap iron and gasoline to Japan. I also urged the women to refrain from buying silk stockings and other articles "made in Japan." But my words seemed to have little effect.

I even went to Washington armed with a letter of intro-

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duction to Cordell Hull, who was then Secretary of State, but that gentleman was too busy to see me. He was using every moment of his time trying to get the lend-lease bill passed by a reluctant Congress steeped in isolationism, pacifism, and commercialism. I had to content myself with seeing an undersecretary who did not want to listen to my warnings, but rather wanted to convince me that everything was all right. However, in spite of this hush-hush policy which I encountered behind every official door on which I knocked in Washington, I received the impression that the men at the top—the President, the Secretary of State, and the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—knew what the war in the Orient portended for us and were trying to get our nation ready. But they were hindered at every step by the people of this country who were calling them warmongers.

After this attempt to see the dignitaries, I came home convinced that the best thing I could do for China was to speak to the ordinary folk in churches and schools, tell them what I had seen, and thus create public opinion. But this program was hazardous for me in view of my desire to return to my work in Occupied China.

As I rose to speak one day in Charlottesville, Virginia, the chairman of the meeting said: "Miss White, you are on the air. You will be heard all over Virginia." I gasped as I thought of the danger this involved to myself, for the Japanese might have agents who were listening to all broadcasts on China, but I swiftly decided to give the address just as I had planned. I went before the microphone saying to my-

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we used our own judgment—and that led us straight on to Shanghai! But first we placed Miss Ashby under the care of Methodists in Honolulu. As our ship pulled out it was heartbreaking to see her there on the shore, the hopes born during the years of preparation suddenly blasted.

In due time we reached Shanghai, and I passed through the customs without a voice being raised against me. Evidently I had not rated high enough for the Japanese to have me shadowed in America.

All was bustle and confusion among the Americans in Shanghai. Several large vessels were being refitted as repatriation ships, and the mission boards and business firms were hurrying their womenfolk off as fast as passage for them could be secured. Every woman missionary with a furlough due or nearly due was being forced to go, while those with furloughs overdue were being made to head the list. I now saw in my illness of the year before a providence which had led me to take a furlough and return before this crisis arrived. Now that I was in China, refreshed by a good furlough and entirely well, there was nothing that the Reference Committee of the Woman's Department could do except to give me an appointment.

I was assigned to work with Miss Margaret Rue in Wusih, a large city seventy-five miles west of Shanghai. Many Japanese soldiers were stationed there, and we had to bow to the sentries as we passed in and out of the old city gates. I found that a spirit of resentment against Americans was growing among the Japanese. In the early part of the war Americans had been influential as third-party neutrals; now they had become undesirables. And we Americans knew

that as soon as war with America broke out we would be *enemy aliens*. Meantime we wanted to get the work in the best possible shape to meet the crisis. In every station and in every institution the missionaries made sure that the work was under good Chinese leadership. We had Chinese district superintendents, preachers, college presidents, professors, superintendents of hospitals, doctors, technicians, nurses, day-school supervisors, teachers, deaconesses, social workers, and Bible Women. We missionaries were ready to step out of the picture whenever that became advisable.

One important thing that we were able to do in that last year of free service was to distribute relief to some of the Chinese who had been made destitute by the war. We were receiving money from the American Committee for China Relief, and also sacks of cracked wheat sent by the American Red Cross. Anyone, pagan or Christian, could apply for relief, and if the case was found to be worthy the person was helped. In this way many lives were saved. While our work in Wusih was going on, we were visited from time to time by Japanese soldiers or their Chinese puppets, who told us that all American property in the city would soon belong to them. Similar things were going on all over Occupied China, and we knew that these signs pointed unerringly to the approach of war with America. When I had been in Wusih only three months, Miss Rue was notified that her passage to America had been secured. This did not please her at all, but she was obliged to leave. At the same time I was called to Shanghai to await another appointment. While there I attended the Uniting Conference of the three branches of Methodism, which was held in Moore Memorial

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Church, Shanghai, in March 1941. During this meeting I saw two Chinese bishops elected and all machinery set up for the church to operate, and for the Chinese Woman's Society of Christian Service to carry on its work, even if every missionary in Occupied China was driven out.

In May I was appointed to Soochow, where I was to live with Nina Troy and Alice Green in one of the buildings of the Laura Haygood School. All the American men of our denomination save one had left Soochow and gone to America before I arrived, and that one went away soon after I reached the city. Our State Department feels that when war is threatening, women should leave the danger zone first and let the men hang on for a while and take what comes. But on this occasion we on the field knew better. We women could stay and work when it was no longer safe for the men to do so. The reason was that the Japanese, following their national psychology, thought that our men might be bright enough to do them harm, whereas we women, being creatures of low mentality, constituted no menace to their "New Order in East Asia"! The Bible says, "The Lord preserveth the simple." We three women stayed in Soochow for another six months, did our work right under the noses of the Japanese and their puppets, *and were preserved!*

But even as we worked we could see the net of war drawing closer about us. If only we could have made the people in America understand as we understood!

I did not wish to be caught in Occupied China when hostilities with America broke out, but neither was I willing to be repatriated. So I decided that I would go to some quiet place in the Orient and wait there until the war was over.

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Yes, the Philippines would do. It would be quiet there. And I pictured myself sitting under a palm tree in Baguio writing a book. How fortunate it was that a loving heavenly Father never allowed me to carry out this foolish plan!

In November 1941 Miss Troy, Miss Green, and I decided that the time had come for us to go to Shanghai. We felt that the outbreak of war was near, and we did not want to be caught in Soochow, for if we were interned there our Chinese associates would try to befriend us and thus get themselves into disfavor with the Japanese. It would be far better for us to go to Shanghai, where there were still some fifteen hundred Americans and six thousand British. We might be lost in the crowd. We traveled to Shanghai one at a time, and I reached there November 26, just eleven days before Pearl Harbor. As someone has said, "God's time clock is never wrong."

We set up housekeeping at No. 23 in the Blackstone Apartments, where we were later joined by two other members of the Methodist mission, Eloise Bradshaw and Ethel Bost. Our apartment was situated in the section of Shanghai governed by the French, and the location was considered as safe as any in the city.

Well, here we were in the place where we had decided to take whatever might come. Every day we read in the papers about the talks proceeding in Washington between Admiral Nomura and Kurusu on one side, and our State Department on the other. Radio messages from America assured us that our country was ready for *anything*. We wondered—

Pearl Harbor Draws America into the War

News of the bombing of Pearl Harbor burst upon us at the Blackstone on Monday, December 8, which was Sunday the seventh in America. The Chinese-governed part of Shanghai had been in Japanese hands since 1937, and on this fateful day the Japanese took over, without opposition, the rest of the city—that is, the French Concession and the International Settlement. Newspaper offices and radio stations were seized, and through these agencies we Americans were informed that we must now be obedient to the Japanese. On that day we were also told that the American fleet had been “annihilated” at Pearl Harbor—and we did not know until long afterward how near that came to being the truth.

I spent that first day getting rid of books, letters, and papers which the Japanese might consider suspicious. Beautiful English books, such as John Gunther's *Inside Asia* and Emily Hahn's *The Soong Sisters*, were thrown into the Blackstone furnace, together with baskets full of letters written to me by Chinese friends. My bookshelves became bare as I sacrificed precious books and periodicals printed in Chinese. By nightfall I was ready to be inspected, if the Japanese soldiers chose to come, but I wondered what would happen to me if the hall porter should tell them I had been burning books and papers all day!

We learned the next day that our bank accounts had been frozen by the Japanese. Immediately, in spite of danger to themselves, Chinese friends called at the apartment bringing gifts of money. Some who came were people whom

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we had not seen in years. One of these was a local preacher who some years before had been discontinued as a "supply" in our conference. He was now very poor, for he was preaching at a little independent church whose members did not pay him enough to live on. This man asked me to accept ten dollars in Chinese currency. I protested, but he looked so hurt that I agreed to accept half of it. According to Chinese custom, this would "save his face"—and part of his money as well! So I put one five-dollar bill into my purse and handed back the other. Then I went out of the room to prepare tea. Later, when my guest had gone, I found the second five dollars in my purse with the first. Again I had been outwitted by the Chinese!

Other friends in better circumstances came and brought larger amounts. Thus our needs were met for those first hard days. Later the Japanese allowed us to draw out part of what we had in the bank, and by the time that was used up the Swiss consul, who had been put in charge of American interests in China, was looking after us. In this way we never lacked.

Days lengthened into weeks. The Japanese did not come to inspect our apartment, nor did they arrange for our immediate internment. But they imposed many regulations, some of which we found very irksome. During the first week we had to stand in line for hours on a freezing cold street as we inched our way toward the building where "enemy aliens" were required to register. At the same time we had to turn in photographs of ourselves in triplicate, together with a detailed statement of our property—if we had any—and our personal effects. We had to go through

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with this red tape in order to secure passes allowing us to go on the streets. And, even so, certain parts of the city were banned to us. Had anyone tried to leave the city, the penalty would have been imprisonment, or possibly death.

Always there was some new regulation to be complied with—a questionnaire to be filled out or a permit to be secured. One sad day we had to stand in line for a long time in order to turn in our short-wave radios, which had been giving us our only reliable news from America. Also on that day we were required to give up our cameras and field glasses if we possessed such articles.

Another day any who had automobiles were ordered to deliver them at a given point. If an owner had prudently removed his engine, he was told to push the machine down and bring the engine along—or else! When a building owned by an American or British mission or a business firm was wanted by the Japanese, the order would be given: “Everybody out within an hour.” And there was no recourse. This was what happened at our splendid Moore Memorial Institutional Church, where two thousand people, mostly students, were going in and out every day. It hurt us to see this building with its main doors closed and the Japanese flag flying over the tower, but we were comforted by the fact that the Chinese staff had simply moved to refugee quarters, where they were ably carrying on.

After some months all enemy aliens were made to wear red calico arm bands, indicating their nationality. Mine had a big *A* on it for “American,” and my number was 991. The British had similar arm bands with a *B* on them.

It was thought that the Japanese put these badges on us

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in order to point us out to the Chinese as their "enemies." But if that was the purpose it failed utterly. After we had been thus tagged we had more courtesies extended to us by the Chinese than ever before. On a crowded street car or bus someone would rise, bow to the wearer of an arm band, and say with a smile: "Now we can tell who our friends are. Please have my seat."

Our worst experience came when, for no apparent reason, two members of our mission, the Rev. W. B. Burke and Mr. Sherertz, were seized in their apartment at the Blackstone and carried off to a Japanese prison—a place entirely different from an internment camp. They had to sleep on the floor in a room with ten other people, and the only food given them was two balls of rice a day. Because the room was unheated and they had no bedding, we feared for the lives of both men, especially Mr. Burke, who was seventy-eight and had recently had pneumonia. But both men lived through the experience and came back after thirty-three days with a glad testimony to the grace of God which they had found sufficient.

Thus, amid varied experiences, the months passed by—fifteen of them between Pearl Harbor and internment. For the sake of our Chinese friends we had long since stopped attending Chinese church or going to any public place frequented by the Chinese. Late in 1942, those who had continued in a quiet way to teach their classes in our schools gave that up, too. Thus, in spite of the many harassing things the Japanese required us to do, we found ourselves with more leisure than any of us had known before. Yet no one was idle, unhappy, or bored. Each one simply seized the

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opportunity to do something he had long wanted to **do**.

As for me, I knew that this was not the Philippines and that the Blackstone afforded no palm tree worthy of the name. But it did have a flat roof with a sun parlor. So whenever I was free I took myself up there and wrote **on** my book—but that story belongs in another chapter.

V

IN A JAPANESE INTERNMENT CAMP

We Are "Beneath Suspicion"

A long procession of red busses drove through the gate of the Great China University in the suburbs of Shanghai. These busses deposited about seven hundred Americans inside a barbed-wire enclosure where Japanese officials were strutting about giving orders. It was February 25, 1943—the day of our long-expected internment. We looked around with interest at the place which was to be our enforced residence for months, or perhaps years, to come. We saw a campus of about twelve acres, with two three-story buildings which had been roughly repaired for our use. This was all that was left of a flourishing Chinese university. The other buildings had been destroyed by the Japanese in the bombings of 1937, and now the whole campus was strewn with debris and grown up in weeds.

We found our baggage in front of the main building. Each internee had received a camp number, and this had been printed on every piece of his baggage. Mine was C-449—the C standing for Chapei, as the name of our camp was Chapei Civil Assembly Center. Japanese examiners went through our belongings meticulously and removed everything they did not want us to have, such as knives, maps, typewriters, electric irons, hot plates, heating pads, and fuel alcohol. Inspection over, we went inside and were

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registered and assigned to a dormitory. In my room I found fourteen other women, each struggling to pre-empt a little space that she could call her own. Under an arrangement with the Japanese we each had brought a camp bed, a roll of bedding, a mosquito net, a folding chair, clothes for winter and summer, unbreakable dishes for personal use, books, and, most important of all, *food*. The wise had also brought brooms, mops, cooking utensils, can openers, buckets and tubs for laundry use, carpenter's tools, plumbing equipment, gardening implements, flower and vegetable seeds, and bars and bars of soap. I was not one of the wise.

As we struggled to untie the wrappings on our beds and bedding rolls, several American men appeared—our fellow internees—who said: "Let us help you. Where can we set up your bed?" From that time till the end of our internment we never lacked the help of a handy man. Thanks to these men, order began to come out of the chaos in our dormitory that first day in camp. It was difficult, of course—fifteen women flung together with no other reason than that their names began with letters near the close of the alphabet—Smiley, Suh, Swarr, Washbrook, Watson, Webb, Wentworth, White. Few of us had ever seen each other before. Our tastes, habits, and interests were diverse, yet we must now live together in quarters so crowded that each of us had room for only a narrow bed with an aisle eighteen inches wide on one side of it.

When the camp was filled, as it was after a few weeks, we had 1,050 internees representing an assortment of nationalities, races, and religions. Besides Americans, who were in the majority, we had British, Dutch, and Belgian nationals,

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political-suspect camps were seized during the first week of November 1942, ordered to get ready in fifteen minutes, and then hustled off into confinement. This made every British and American man in Shanghai uneasy. But many, even the very prominent, need not have been apprehensive, for in their selection of the leaders the Japanese made some absurd omissions. The story is told that during that week Bishop W. P. Roberts, of the American Episcopal mission in the Shanghai diocese, was visited by a Japanese gendarme and ordered to fill out a long and complicated questionnaire regarding church property. When the bishop stated that he could finish it in a week if he was not interned in the meantime, the gendarme said naïvely: "Oh, you will not be taken with this group. We are only taking the *important* people now." This to a bishop of the Episcopal Church!

4. Civilian internment camps. These were for enemy aliens who were thought by the Japanese to be harmless. Perhaps the internment of this class might have been avoided entirely if the American government had not forced the Japanese civilians on our west coast to leave their property and business and go to relocation centers. Who knows? Anyway, the fact that we were not interned until February 1943, almost fifteen months after Pearl Harbor, bears out this theory.

I was in a camp of this fourth type, and undoubtedly we were treated better than the inmates of many other camps, even others of the same class. Several factors contributed to our welfare:

1. Our personnel. Nearly two thirds of the people in our camp were women—and I have already referred to the low opinion which the Japanese hold regarding the mentality

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of women. 'Nuff said. We also had 125 children under six years of age, and another 100 between six and sixteen. The Japanese love children—especially babies—and naturally this group also was considered harmless. But most important of all, I believe that the men in our camp, able though they were, were thought of by the Japanese as "leftovers"—people like Bishop Roberts, who had not rated a suspect camp, or even a civilian camp for men only. And so, since the Japanese, from the lofty height of their superior intelligence, looked down on all in my camp, we were "beneath suspicion." And not one of us wished to achieve a higher status in the minds of our captors! We were at least bright enough to be satisfied to let them think us stupid.

2. Organization. Another factor that contributed greatly to our welfare was the wonderful work of our executive committee—a body made up entirely of internees. This committee was a kind of town council for our camp, with Ben H. Watson, a Shanghai businessman, as the competent chairman. Under this committee we had our own people as health officers, engineers, police force, board of education, monitors, and heads of all work squads. In all matters save those connected with discipline this body really ran the camp, transforming it from a rubbish heap into a semilivable place. Most important of all, this committee stood between us and the Japanese, bearing the brunt of all difficulties and reducing friction to a minimum.

Royal Arch Gunnison, of the staff of *Collier's*, who was caught in the Orient, was a member of this committee for five months. In his book *So Sorry, No Peace* Mr. Gunnison tells of the desperate struggles the committee often had

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with our Japanese commandant when they stood up for the rights guaranteed to us by international law. Yet all this was done so quietly that some of us did not know much about the troubles until we read of them in this book after we were repatriated. Perhaps we *were* dumb, after all.

Because of the good work done by this committee, most of us saw very little of our Japanese overlords. However, we had to answer roll call night and morning. For this ceremony we lined up in the halls just outside our dormitories. When the Japanese officer appeared, we had to stand at attention, with arms and feet just so, while we numbered off. Last of all, we had to bow to the guards and say "good morning." The funny thing about the roll call was the seriousness with which the Japanese conducted it. If even a tiny baby was absent, the guard had to go into the dormitory and look at the sleeping infant to make sure that he had not escaped during the night!

On formal occasions the commandant ordered us all to appear before him to listen to an address. The first time was a few days after our arrival. We were told to form in line by dormitories and march to the open space in front of the main building. When we were all standing there, the commandant came out on the steps above us and delivered his opening address. He dwelt on how fortunate we were to be in this camp which, he assured us, was the best in all China. And then he warned us that if we disobeyed the rules we should be sent to some less delightful place. His closing words were: "This is your happy home. You shall love and cherish it. But if you try to escape you will be shot to death."

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What did we have to eat? If my interviewer remains long enough, he invariably asks about the food as his second question. Well, the food might have been worse. If anyone doubts that statement, I can say that it *did* get worse—much worse—after some of us were repatriated. But here is the account of what we had while I was there.

For breakfast we at first had cold bread and weak tea, but after the first week a hot dish of cracked wheat was added to the menu. And this cracked wheat brings up a story which is told a little later on.

For our noon meal during the first two months we had fish, rice, and bread. But with the coming of spring the fish was often tainted, and a formal protest was made to the commandant. After that we had buffalo-cow meat, the buffalo being the farm animal or ox of China. Soon after we began to have this meat, the Chapei Cherub—our camp cartoon modeled after Rebecca McCann's "Cheerful Cherub"—burst out with this plaint:

Ah, sweet mystery of life!
Would I could foresee
If tomorrow's bit of buffalo
Will tough or tender be.

Poor Cherub! He needn't have worried his pretty head about this question. He could have settled it once for all by saying, "Tough—tough every time!"

For supper we usually had soup made of the leavings of the buffalo stew, and with it the inevitable tea and bread. The menus were posted on a bulletin board during the morning, and the names of the dishes were made just as

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high-sounding as possible. But nobody was deceived. As five hundred internees were standing in the chow line, holding their homemade trays and unbreakable dishes, one would say to another, "S.O.S."—meaning "Same old stew."

Fortunately, we were allowed to supplement this food, not only with what we had brought into camp but in other ways. The commandant had taken our money and banked it under his own name, but after persuasion by the executive committee he agreed to give each of us an account book showing how much each had "deposited" with him. We could then draw on this to pay for what we bought individually at the canteen and for what we secured collectively through our food supervisor and the Japanese. This arrangement secured for us a few vegetables to be added to our stew and certain items which were handed to us individually. For several months we each got one raw egg a day and occasionally we received an apple, a pear, or even a tomato. These might be wrinkled with age, but oh how welcome they were! Standard items such as potatoes or onions were sometimes given us, and once we received a pound or two of flour.¹

These special allotments necessitated our having some way to do individual cooking, and here inventive genius blossomed out. A friend of mine made an outdoor cookstove from an old kerosene tin, and for fuel we used coke found on our cinder pile. Other people made similar stoves, and

¹ It should be said that all privileges by which the internees secured special food were taken away by the Japanese after they began to lose the war. Those who remained in confinement after my group was repatriated in the autumn of 1943 suffered real hardship for lack of proper food.

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pancake birthday parties became a part of our camp life. My birthday was celebrated by several groups—in fact, I was never so celebrated in my life.

But some of us wanted indoor stoves to use in the dormitories, where we did most of our eating. I had a sterno outfit, but the solidified alcohol was all used up and nothing was left but the tiny tripod. Someone suggested putting three little candles into a shallow tin can as a substitute. We tried it, but the three-candle-power stove was too weak.

“Try chipping up the candles,” suggested someone. When we had chipped them up, we needed a wick. “It ought to be round,” volunteered a bystander. “I will crochet a round wick,” offered a resourceful woman. When the wick was finished and planted deep in the candle chips, the contraption worked. We could now light up a multicandle-power stove, heat up some extra food, invite a guest, and have a party. Who said that life in an internment camp is dull?

We Work and Play and Worship

“What will we do to while away the time?” That was the question many of us asked before we were interned, but no one asked it after we had experienced a few days of camp life. I had thought I would have plenty of time to rest and read and write on my book, but I was soon disillusioned. Everyone had to work, both for himself and for the camp. First we had to keep our dormitories neat and clean, maintaining a constant watch against bedbugs. And we each had to take our turn in cleaning the lavatories.

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Then we had to wash our own clothes, and when we got down to this task we felt the need of the tubs and buckets we had neglected to bring. A famous society horsewoman sighed and said: "I cannot imagine what I was thinking about! I brought all my riding clothes—and *no bucket*."

One day a lady appeared at our laundry place with a new device. It was a perforated tin can fastened to something that looked like an old-fashioned churn dasher. The proud owner put her clothes into a bucket of water, dropped a cake of soap inside the can, and churned. The invention was a success—a washing machine, if you please! If one had enough soap, the clothes would come clean without rubbing! Soon we all had plungers of this tin-can type, and I would find myself churning in my borrowed bucket while I stood between an English banker and an American college president, both of whom were gravely moving their plungers up and down.

When we had finished washing, we hung our clothes out to dry. Since we had no irons, we wore them rough-dried. As we walked around in our wrinkled clothes, someone quoted this verse from *Daddy Do-funny's Wisdom Jingles*, by Ruth McEnery Stuart:

Dat frizzledy chicken, he steps so spry,
An' he totes 'is head so pompous high,
Like as ef he tries, wharever he goes,
To rise above dem roughdried clo'es.

An' he ain't by 'issel in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'issel in dat—

It was so appropriate it was embarrassing.

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All this work that I have mentioned was done by each for himself. But by far the greater part of our time was given to work done for the camp. There were no servants, and so we had to do everything for ourselves, including the cooking. Each person was assigned by our committee to a work squad, but we were allowed to say what task we preferred. With some the choice was easy. The doctors set up an infirmary and soon were taking care of scores of patients every day. The barbers and hairdressers followed their own trades, with makeshift equipment and no remuneration. The dentists did likewise. The teachers organized a school for all children from nursery grade through high school, with compulsory attendance above kindergarten. At the end of the first term two young people, interned in their senior year, were graduated from our high school with certificates worthy of acceptance by any college in America.

The chief steward from a Pacific liner became our food supervisor, but he was later succeeded by Jimmy, known to all Shanghailanders as the owner of a popular downtown restaurant, Jimmy's Kitchen. We all liked Jimmy before we went into camp, but oh, how much more we liked him after he flavored up our daily stews! The architects and amateur carpenters built a laundry shed, a workshop, and a house for shower baths, while the engineers gathered up the debris on the campus and constructed a hot-water plant with pipes leading to the shower house, the laundry shed, the kitchen, and the scullery. Carl Mydans and his wife, both of whom are on the staff of *Life* magazine, edited and mimeographed a weekly paper of camp news called the *Assemblyville Times*. Many internees volunteered as

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gardeners. They could not produce enough vegetables for everyone, but they did furnish them to the sick and sometimes to little children and the aged. The flower gardeners raised lovely flowers which brightened the campus, cheered the sick, and beautified the rough shed where we held our church services.

By all odds the hardest job was the cooking. Three meals a day had to be prepared for more than a thousand people, and the only cooking vessels available were Chinese kettles—big shallow pots—built into a ledge of masonry extending along one side of the big camp kitchen. Below each kettle was a metal door through which coal had to be shoveled all the time the cooking was being done. Manifestly, women could not do this work—and the men never asked it of us. Bankers brought in the coal and carried out the ashes while businessmen and missionaries stoked the fire and cooked the food.

What did I do? When I was asked to fill out a card stating what kind of work I preferred, I had high ideas of doing some aesthetic job that would contribute to the spiritual welfare of the camp. So I wrote down “Bible teaching, reading aloud, or visiting the sick.”

But the committee in charge of the work squads did not view the matter as I did. They put me to work at a far humbler task—a task which concerned the cracked wheat sent out some years before by the American Red Cross. This was originally intended for destitute Chinese, but after Pearl Harbor the Japanese said, “No more food may be distributed by Americans to Chinese.” “Then,” replied the American committee in Shanghai, “let us have the wheat

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to help out our ration when we are put in internment camp." And, with the aid of the Swiss, the committee wangled until they got it. About one thousand sacks of this wheat were brought into our camp a week after we were interned. But by that time it was just as weevily and wormy as it could be. After my talents had been carefully considered by the committee, I was put on the "debugging squad"! It was the duty of this group to debug enough wheat in the afternoon to serve 1,050 people a hot breakfast the next morning. I think the committee chose for this work the ones whom they considered aged or infirm. But the task proved to be one that required good eyesight, much patience, and a highly specialized skill. The bugs were of every size and description, and the creatures ran in every direction, giving to the work the excitement of the chase. I found it was not for nothing that I had gone fox hunting on horseback in my young days. I had to go after those creatures with a skill and agility similiar to that acquired while following the hounds.

Besides its food value, this wheat brought us another benefit. Cloth was scarce in camp, so after the wheat sacks were emptied they were washed and made into aprons which we wore while doing our camp work. If the lettering on the sack happened to hit the middle of the apron, the effect was quite ornamental, and the wearer became a walking advertisement for the Red Cross. This pleased us greatly, for we were now the *recipients* of Red Cross help, and we had learned to value the organization in a new way.

What did we do for self-improvement? There was not much time for study after our camp work was done, but

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the committee arranged to have adult opportunity classes which met late in the afternoon or early in the evening. Courses were offered in French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, German, Chinese, Japanese, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, short-story writing, public speech, Chinese history, accounting, mental hygiene—but I cannot write out the whole list. The person in charge of securing teachers boasted that no matter what subject was asked for he could find someone in our camp qualified to teach it. Most of the classes had to be held in the open air, but the enthusiasm of the students did not wane even in the heat of summer, which brought with it swarms of ravenous mosquitoes.

What did we do for recreation? We had baseball, volleyball, horseshoes. Most popular, of course, was baseball. Each afternoon about three-thirty the game was begun, and our group divided itself into many rival teams. The men and boys called their teams after those in the big leagues—Cardinals, Red Sox, Tigers, Dodgers, and Giants. The women and girls named theirs after birds—Swallows, Ospreys, Orioles, and Sparrows. These games furnished the greatest diversion of our camp life, but once they almost brought us tragedy. A ball was knocked outside the barbed wire, and one of the players, an American boy of sixteen, impulsively went under the wire after it. He was called back by the guard, but later the commandant made an incident out of it, saying that the boy was trying to *escape* and the guard should have shot him. As a result, no baseball was allowed for several days and restrictions were placed on all internees.

Every Saturday night we had a “jam session,” when the camp orchestra played and the baby organ bravely did its

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best. The professional entertainers, with the help of amateurs, presented two variety shows during our internment—one called “Chapei Follies” and the other “Repatriation Revue.”

What did we read? We were furnished the *Shanghai Times*, a daily printed in English, with news from the Japanese point of view. After every naval engagement this paper reported that the Japanese had “annihilated” the entire American navy, and when our navy had been many times annihilated in this manner some of us began to speak of it as the “cork navy.” After we had read the paper for a while we learned how to evaluate the news. We skipped all the buncombe in the headlines and opening paragraphs and looked for some “backhanded” admission of defeat in the last lines of the news reports.

Reference has been made to our camp cartoon, the Chapei Cherub, which was really the “Cheerful Cherub” cleverly adapted to camp situations. The drawings for this were made by Lydia Johnson, of the Y.W.C.A., and the verses were by various internees. A new cartoon was put up on the camp bulletin board several times a week, and an eager crowd always gathered to see what the Cherub had to say. One day when after weeks of waiting the laundry shed was to be opened, the Cherub came out with this:

Heigho, heigho, the laundry shed,
I needn’t wait until I’m dead—
I’ve brought my clothes and all I oughter;
Now please may I turn on the water?

We also had a one-copy publication called *The Inside Page*, which was put up from time to time on our bulletin

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board. Our journalists, poets, and editors did the writing for this, being careful not to touch on the one forbidden subject—the war.

All this reading matter helped our morale, but undoubtedly our greatest benefit came from our library. Yes, we had one. It was made up of the libraries of the Shanghai American School and the American Woman's Club, both of which contributed all their books to our camp. This was done in the hope of saving the books, but the benefit to the internees was beyond words. All we lacked was time enough to do all the reading we desired.

Did we have religious services? Although no place for worship was provided by the Japanese, and we did not even have benches, we found a way to have church. The first Sunday we obtained permission of the Japanese, went to the roof of the main building, and unfolded the baby organ. The worshipers assembled, each bringing his own camp chair. How wonderful the old hymns sounded as we looked down on our guards and across the barbed wire to the city we had left! With full hearts we sang:

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

We must have sung too loud or looked too happy that first Sunday, for we were never allowed to hold a service on the roof again. But we always found some place to meet. When all the rooms had been utilized as dormitories, we went to a dilapidated shed out on the campus. One side

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of this was open to the weather, and sometimes the rain beat in, but when draperies were hung back of the improvised pulpit, and flowers or vines were tastefully arranged, the old shed took on an atmosphere of worship. A committee made up of representatives of the leading Protestant denominations selected the preachers, and we always had good services. There was much musical talent in the camp, and we had a choir of about forty well-trained voices, under the direction of Myra B. Olive, voice teacher and chorus director of Shanghai. One evening this group rendered Gaul's "Holy City." I have seldom participated in better services than these union services we had in camp, and surely the fellowship there was as fine as could be found anywhere in the world.

What was the spirit of our internees? The morale in our camp was fine. Almost everyone worked faithfully on the job assigned, and no task was too humble to be undertaken.

For example, our amateur plumbers. We had city water in our camp, but the plumbing was a patched-up job that got out of order every day. When one of the women was assigned to clean our lavatory, she always found some cubicles out of order. She then stood guard until the two "plumbers" arrived. The head plumber was a High-Church Episcopalian clergyman, and his first assistant was a representative of the National City Bank of New York. These men would come in asking, "How many are out of order today?" and the woman would reply "Two" or "Three," as the case might be. Then the men would go to work and repair the damage. It was interesting to see this clergyman at early communion on Sunday, dressed in full ecclesiastical regalia,

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and then to see him on Monday dressed in overalls making the rounds of the camp lavatories. This represents the spirit of our camp—people doing what needed to be done and doing it cheerfully.

But there were some things that were harder than merely doing unpleasant work. Everyone in camp was losing weight, and many had to see their loved ones grow weaker and more waxlike every day. Those who suffered most were the mothers of young children. They were in anguish because they could not get what their children needed in the way of food, vitamins, or medicine. To make things worse, epidemics of whooping cough and measles swept through our crowded camp, where a strict quarantine was impossible. One large ward in our camp infirmary had to be turned over to the "whoopers" for about three months. Our doctors and nurses did all they could to relieve the situation, and because of their excellent care not a child died with either measles or whooping cough.

Another epidemic which swept through the camp, claiming adults as well as children, was intestinal flu. So prevalent was this disease that someone named it "campitis," and then everyone had to have it to be in style. About this time a baby boy, the only child of a middle-aged British banker, became very ill and was carried to a Shanghai hospital, where he died a few hours later. When the father and mother were brought back to camp after the hasty funeral, they quietly resumed their camp duties, but there was anguish on their faces, and they always looked the other way when they passed the place where their baby's perambulator was parked. Unfortunately, our camp was so

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crowded that there was no place to put that empty baby carriage where it would be out of sight.

Yes, the morale in our camp was good. Of course, we had people who fretted and complained. Their nerves were on edge, and they resented everything. But people of this type were in the minority. The missionaries, especially, felt that they could take whatever came, for they were depending on God to sustain them. My own situation was somewhat peculiar. I did not want to get out, for I knew that when I reached America I would be retired. So I was hoping that I would *not* be selected as one of those to be repatriated. That camp was *China* to me, and I wanted to be left there for the duration. Moreover, I knew that I was learning some things which I could not have learned outside. One of these lessons came through reading a familiar Bible verse in a modern translation. The old version said, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" (Eccles. 9:10). But the modern version read, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, labor it up to the point of honor." What a challenge! Was I cleaning the wheat, and had a tiny worm just the color of the grain escaped? "Let him go! If he is too small to be found when he is alive, who will know that he is there when he is dead?" Oh no! Hunt until you find him—"Labor it up to the point of honor!"

Or was I cleaning the lavatory, the job I disliked most? "I think that will do—it's clean enough. I'm tired anyway." Oh no, there's another spot. "Labor it up to the point of honor." Really, that was the most *inconvenient* Bible verse I ever learned. Always jumping out to hinder me when I

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tried to slide over something! There it was calling to me, and I found I *had* to listen.

Oh, I was learning things in camp—humble, mundane things, but somehow they lifted me right up to the stars. Our camp Cherub, quoting from his famous original, expressed my feelings exactly when he said:

I can't roam freely through the world;
Life seems to shut me in with bars.
But yet a pool, that lies quite still,
Can mirror flying birds and stars.

VI

GOOD-BY TO CHINA

My Manuscript Is Left in China.

"NOTHING BUT your necessary clothes," said the Japanese, and so—my manuscript was left in China. *Did I hate to leave it—that manuscript I had worked on for nearly two years!* But my name had been read out on the list of those who were to be repatriated, and now the Japanese were saying, "No one can take anything with him except his necessary clothes." The book I was writing was a biography of a Chinese woman whom I had known intimately for more than thirty years. During all that time I had been planning to write her life, but she was a busy wife and mother, not to speak of her activities outside the home, while I was a busy missionary, and so there had been no time when we could get together to plan the book.

Then Pearl Harbor had come, bringing with it a measure of leisure in which to do the writing. The woman whose life I was to write was Mrs. T. T. Yu, the wife of a prominent Chinese pastor in Shanghai. Although I did not wish to be seen with any of my Chinese friends, I found that I could go downtown, step into the Jen-li Rug Store like an ordinary customer, and then go by a back stairway to a room above the store where Pastor and Mrs. Yu made their wartime home. There I found the smiling couple ready to give me the details of their early life. Again and again I

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visited them, until I had collected all the material I needed for a full-length portrait of Mrs. Yu. Then I seated myself in our mission apartment and tried to quiet my mind sufficiently to do a day-by-day job of writing. Sometimes as I wrote I would think, What's the use? If I get the book finished, the Japanese will never let me publish it. But I put these doubts away, for deep in my heart I felt that somehow, by the help of God, the book would be finished and that sometime, somewhere, it would be published.

I had worked on the book for more than a year when we heard that we were soon to be interned. At that time I had finished eight chapters, or one third of the book, and had sketched with more or less care the remaining two thirds. All this had been carefully typed in triplicate by Mr. Sherertz. In preparation for internment I took one copy to the Swiss consul. He was very gracious, waiting only to make sure that the book contained nothing of a political nature, after which he took it and gave me a receipt. A second copy I placed in the home of Pastor and Mrs. Yu, and the third I took with me into the internment camp.

I had expected to go on writing and revising my book while I was shut up, but I found that there were two serious obstacles. The first was the lack of privacy. In my dormitory we had to live either *on* or *under* our beds. Even the Chapei Cherub felt the strain, and broke out one day with this lament:

My bed is a place to work and to play,
To wash dishes, mix cakes, and eat on,
But sometimes I sigh for the good old days
When a bed was something to sleep on.

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As for me, I found that a bed in a room with fourteen other women was definitely not a place to *write* on.

The other difficulty was the lack of leisure. When I had finished my camp job of debugging the cracked wheat for the next morning's breakfast, I was usually too weary to do any creative writing. But there were less trying days, and on these I would take my manuscript and go to the landing of a little-used stairway which represented the maximum of privacy that our building afforded. Sometimes when I arrived I would find this coveted space occupied by a teacher with a few pupils, or by some love-making couple, and then I would go sadly away. But if I was so fortunate as to find it unoccupied I would unfold my camp stool, thank God for the privacy, and then sit down and write. Five chapters were rewritten under these circumstances, making thirteen completed and eleven in the rough.

And then the news came from Washington that I was to be one of the fifteen hundred Americans chosen from camps in all parts of the Orient to be repatriated on the second trip of the *Gripsholm*. The State Department had turned upside down our carefully prepared list of priorities, on which I had a low rating, and had stated as a principle: "Women and children first; elderly people second." That got me on both counts. I was "women and children," and was "elderly people." I had wanted to remain in China to be reunited with my Chinese friends in the hour of victory. Then, if sent to America, I could take my completed manuscript with me. But now I was to be sent away immediately. Worst of all, our Japanese commandant said we could not

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take any written matter with us. That meant I could not even take the receipt which the Swiss consul had given me for the manuscript left with him!

Sadly I prepared for evacuation. The five chapters that had been rewritten were typed in triplicate, but there was no way to get this material to the Swiss consul or the Yu family. We were strictly incommunicado. The armed guards walking alongside the barbed-wire fences saw to that. The only thing to do was to entrust the three copies to three American friends in the camp who were not to be repatriated. So one copy went to a Lutheran doctor, a second to a Baptist woman, and the third I dropped into place in the original manuscript that I had brought into camp. But I could not keep this any longer. The time for parting had come.

I sought the privacy of the old landing on the stairway, and fortunately I found the place vacant. There I sat down and fingered the pages. Here was the first page, which began: "The little Chinese bride shrank back in the gay bridal chair as she went on her way to marry a man whom she had never seen." Then the story went on to tell how this bride was a country girl of twenty who at seven years of age had been betrothed by her father to a little boy the same age. Later her father had died and the families had drifted apart. No letter had ever come, but that was not strange, for this was fifty years ago, before modern methods of wooing were known in China. However, gossip had brought word that the boy had gone to Soochow, where he was getting what was called "a modern education." One of the neighbors had whispered to the neglected girl that her fiancé had told his

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father that he wanted a wife who could *read* and—oh monstrous thought—one with natural feet! Here the bride with a gesture of dismay moved her carefully bound “golden lilies” as they rested on the bottom of the sedan chair. They were the regulation length of three inches! How could any man want something so coarse as a bride with big feet? She had feared after she heard this that her fiancé would never claim her as his bride, but now this uncertainty was over and here she was on her way to his home for the wedding.

Another thing also troubled her. She had heard that he had “joined something.” What it was she did not know, but it had to do with a new and strange religion—something that was greatly frowned upon in her native village. This, if true, was the most awful calamity that could come, but she squared her little shoulders as she neared her future home; whatever it was, she would make the best of it.

The wedding took place, and the illiterate country girl became the bride of a budding young Methodist preacher. For several years they were practically strangers to one another, for they had nothing in common and the husband was too conservative a Chinese scholar to stoop to such a thing as teaching his wife! It simply wasn’t done; both masculine pride and Chinese custom forbade it. Fortunately the couple moved to Soochow, where the Bible Women helped Mrs. Yu to understand the new religion, and she became a Christian.

The manuscript that I was rapidly reviewing went on to tell how the children came—one, two, three, four. By this time the young wife was teaching herself to read—yes, to

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decipher those difficult ideographs. More children came—numbers five, six, seven, and eight. The older ones were growing up by this time, and so was their mother. Then came numbers nine, ten, eleven, and twelve. And all this time the mother was growing with her children, mentally, while keeping well ahead of them spiritually.

The pages that I was turning, perhaps for the last time, went on to tell of the rich life of Pastor and Mrs. Yu in their maturer years, when all the inhibitions had been left behind. Finally I turned to the last page, which told how, when I was talking to Pastor Yu one day, I urged him to take a young graduate from the theological seminary and train him as an assistant pastor.

"I can't do it," said Mr. Yu. "Things are too unsettled here in Shanghai with the war going on."

"But you *need* such a helper," I pleaded. "Your flock is so large and so scattered."

"I know," replied Mr. Yu, "I know. But you must not worry about me." And then, turning to his wife with an affectionate smile, he patted her on the shoulder, saying, "I have a very good assistant pastor."

That paragraph closed the book. I laid the pages in my lap, that day on the staircase, and said a closing prayer, commanding my work to the care of God. Then, for the first time in my life, I pronounced the benediction. The occasion seemed to call for it. Following that, I sent for Dr. Albert N. Steward, a Methodist missionary who was going to stay for the duration, and there on the stairway I entrusted the precious pages to him. I knew he would save my work if he got out alive and was able to take any-

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thing with him. As the manuscript left my hand Doubt came and whispered, "Who knows?" But Faith answered, "I am trusting God, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."¹

I "Co-operate with the Inevitable"

This was it—the day we were to leave the camp. I would have been happy had I been going out to a life of freedom in China. But I was to be sent directly from the camp to the Japanese exchange ship, *Teia Maru*, which would take me to Goa—wherever that was—and from that point the American exchange ship, *Gripsholm*, would take me to New York. I had hoped to the last that something would happen to keep me in China, but now that hope was dead, and the morning of September 19, 1943, found me on the lawn with the other evacuees, waiting for the baggage to be examined. In the language of the old Negro, I was "co-operating with the inevitable."

We had to take our stations at half past eight o'clock beside the long rows of baggage, and we were told to remain there until the last person's belongings had been passed. However, at noon we were allowed to go to a near-by shed for a lunch of baked beans and bread. I had been up very late the night before, packing the things I

¹ As this book goes to press the aftermath may be recorded. When peace came, in August 1945, all the Shanghai internees were released without violence. Dr. Steward emerged with all his things, and when he came to America in the spring of 1946 he brought my manuscript with him. It is now being made ready for publication.

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was to take and sorting what I must leave behind. I was tired before the examination began. And now the hot September sun was making me more weary as I waited hour after hour. My turn for baggage examination did not come until about one o'clock in the afternoon. That's what you get when your name begins with *W*. But there was some compensation, for the examiner was tired, too, by the time he reached my station. He looked at my things superficially, taking out nothing. I had tried to adhere strictly to what the Japanese had said we might bring—clothes, three sheets, one blanket, one pillow, a reasonable amount of jewelry (mine was reasonable!), and one unmarked Bible. In order to keep the mind of the examiner perfectly calm, I had cut from the front of my Bible the flyleaf containing my name, and from the back the maps of Bible lands, which the Japanese would no doubt have taken to be "war maps."

My heavy baggage had been examined two days previously and sent to the ship. I now had with me my big Chinese-made pigskin suitcase, an American suitcase, and a large brief case. All three pieces were packed as tight as possible, because I had to take with me all that I would need for a voyage of more than seventy days, during which I would pass through every variety of climate, from equatorial heat to freezing cold. The examiner put stickers on my three pieces, showing that they had been passed, and when I saw them loaded on the baggage truck I thought I would not be bothered with them again until I claimed them on the deck of the *Teia Maru*.

About 375 people were being evacuated from our camp,

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leaving in camp some 675, most of whom were bitterly disappointed because they had not been chosen to go. But those who had to stay were showing a fine spirit. They got up an entertainment called the "Repatriation Revue," which was presented the night before our departure. One of the numbers was by Frank Cheney our camp poet. This had been set to music and was sung with real feeling:

GOIN' TO GOA

There's a ship a-comin' from the good old homeland
And she's due most any day;
We're goin' to Goa and we won't stop goin'
Till we hit the U. S. A.
We've stuck it out till the last call sounded,
And we ain't made any fuss;
But now we're packin' for the last long voyage,
For the East is through with us.

There's a lot of prayers that we've all been prayin'
Sides the one 'bout "daily bread."
There's a lot of things that we might be sayin'
That are better left unsaid.
There's a lot of roads that a man can travel,
And they don't all lead to Rome.
But there's just one song we all are singin'
And it sure is "Home, Sweet Home."

It was ironical that the author of this poem was one of those who would be left behind. But he, too, was "co-operating with the inevitable," for he wore a smile on his face as he stood with some six hundred others gathered in front of the main building to see us off. A Negro night-club enter-

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tainer was there with his cornet, and at his side was a white internee playing a guitar.

About two o'clock the red busses rolled through the big gate. Now at last we would be off. But no. The commandant sent word that he was coming out to bid us good-by. It was hot, and we were tired. It seemed cruel to make us stand in line for this formality. But no Japanese would leave undone anything pertaining to etiquette, so the 375 of us had to stand there until the commandant had shaken hands with each one.

Then we were instructed to get on the busses in alphabetical order. Bus number one pulled up. Those whose names began with *A*, *B*, or *C* got on. The gendarmes checked the list while the two-piece orchestra played and the crowd left behind sang lustily "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and "God Bless America." As the bus pulled away the crowd cheered and waved good-by. Slowly, while we stood there suffering from heat and fatigue, each bus was filled, and each was sent off with a cheer and a song. When I got into the last bus with the other weary *W*'s I thought, "Now we are off." But we only moved down near the front gate, where we found all the other busses standing in line. And there we sat for about an hour—while the temperature rose and our spirits sank. The spot was out of bounds for internees, but Jimmy, our faithful food supervisor, came down with a bucket of lukewarm tea—the best he could get—and gave us each a drink.

Sometime after three o'clock the procession of busses moved out of the gate and through the familiar Shanghai streets toward the river. Crowds of Chinese lined the side-

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walks and smiled at us, but for reasons of personal safety they made no other sign. However, when we were about to turn the corner where Nanking Road joins the Bund (waterfront) a red light halted us. Instantly a group of young Chinese women rushed from the sidewalk to the bus where Miss Louise Robinson, former principal of McTyeire School, was sitting. Reaching for that lady's hand, they called out: "McTyeire is running. Getting along all right in its refugee quarters. Don't worry about us." The green light flashed on and we were gone, leaving that intrepid group of McTyeire teachers standing under the traffic light. That was our last contact with our Chinese friends.

At four o'clock we got out of the busses in front of the custom house, where a disconcerting sight greeted us. All our baggage—a total of about a thousand pieces—was piled up in a confused mass on the ground, and we were told that each passenger must collect his own belongings and carry them inside the custom house. When I finally located my three pieces I was so weary I could not lift them, so I got them in line and maneuvered them along by pushing them with my foot. We had to pass through a narrow door which formed a bottleneck right in front of us. So many people were there jostling and struggling that it took me *two hours* to get my baggage through that door. And then, on the inside, I found—*nothing!* Nothing, that is, save a big room filled with evacuees and their baggage, and on the other side a second bottleneck door through which I must push my things. While in this front room, I heard the bad news. Japanese custom house officials in the next room were

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examining our baggage *all over again!* I was tired and hungry and thirsty—almost past caring what happened to me—but I kept shoving my baggage along automatically, and in another hour and a half I had passed the second door and come into the presence of the Japanese examiners.

These men were of higher rank than those who had examined the baggage at camp that morning, and they were bent on doing a thorough job. They made me unpack everything, and it looked for a while as though they were going to take from me the little stock of medicines and vitamins I had brought for use on the trip. But I showed my permit signed by the ranking medical officer in our camp, and I talked back to those Japanese with more energy than I thought I possessed. I kept my medicine.

It was about eight o'clock when I went on board the tender—a small launch—that was taking people to Wayside wharf, where the *Teia Maru* was waiting. Oh, blessed relief when I sat down on a cushioned seat in that launch! A beautifully dressed lady beside me passed around a box of candy, but I declined to take any. How could I take candy from an unknown internee who would certainly need it herself? But the lady passed the box again, and when she insisted I took a piece. Then she took off a beautiful corsage and pinned it on my bedraggled self. Who could she be? I gathered what little strength I had and asked her what camp she was from. "I am not from a camp," she replied. "I am the wife of the Swiss delegate who is going with you on the Japanese ship to look after you. I am just going down to see you off." That gracious touch warmed my heart. There was still beauty and kindness in the world! And the

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Swiss—God bless them!—would go on forever, keeping neutral and looking after the rest of us. When we reached Wayside we were put, not on the *Teia Maru*, but on the wharf, where we found—oh horrors!—that *another* examination awaited us! This time the Japanese were to investigate our health and our tickets, both of which had been carefully checked before we left our camp. It was almost nine o'clock when I finally got on board the *Teia*. I went immediately to the dining room and asked for supper, but was told to come back at nine-thirty. I went again at that time, but I was not served until after ten o'clock. I had been in process of getting off since eight-thirty that morning and had had nothing to eat except a serving of baked beans and bread. Now I was completely exhausted. After supper I found out that we would not sail until the next morning at daylight, so I went immediately to my cabin. I was too weary to think, and yet I was dully dreading the suffering I would feel the next morning as the ship went down the river to the sea.

When I got up the following day I did not feel any more rested, but I went out on deck to take my last look at the shores of China. The ship was already in motion and the familiar landmarks were slipping by—the Point; the buildings of Shanghai University, now wrecked; the remains of the Woosung forts. Contrary to my expectation, I felt no distress—not even regret. My only sensation was one of utter physical weariness. I was literally too tired to feel.

Later in the day, when the shores of China were out of sight, I realized that the whole experience had been of God. True, the Japanese had been unreasonable in forcing us

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through those repeated examinations, but God had overruled the hardships to my good. On this day of anticipated anguish I could feel *nothing*, for I was anesthetized by fatigue. I crawled off to my cabin and went to sleep.

When I got up, the tang of the sea was in the air and my spirits began to rise. I have always loved the ocean, and no voyage had ever been long enough to satisfy me. Perhaps this one, which was to take me southward across the equator, then around the Cape of Good Hope and westward across the south Atlantic, and finally northward to New York—perhaps this one would be long enough for me! Before many days passed I was able to laugh at the joke of the Japanese *giving* me this extended trip—one that I had long desired to take yet never dared to hope for. In this cheerful frame of mind, I was ready to enjoy the trip. My changed attitude came not because I loved China any less deeply but because God had taken the burden away.

I Travel from Shanghai to New York via the Equator and the Tip of Africa

Why did we go zigzagging across the equator and around the Cape of Good Hope? Why couldn't we have come straight across the Pacific to San Francisco? The answer is found in international law, which decrees that persons repatriated during a war must be exchanged at some neutral port. The Pacific afforded no such haven, so we had to go to Goa, which we now knew was a small Portuguese colony in India.

After we left Shanghai our ship picked up American and Canadian repatriates at Stanley Camp, Hongkong; San Fernando in the Philippines; and Saïgon in French Indo-China. That filled our quota of fifteen hundred—and our ship was built to accommodate *five* hundred. In order to provide sleeping quarters for the thousand extra people, the Japanese had to do some unprecedented crowding. After all beds in the cabins had been filled, and an extra person had been put on a straw pallet in every stateroom, the public rooms were utilized. The sun parlor on the upper deck was filled with narrow double-decker bunks so closely jammed together that the 228 women quartered there had to go out on deck to change their minds. And the decks were always filled! The smoking room and the nursery were made into dormitories and packed with women in the same way, while the able-bodied men were sent down into the hot and smelly hold. Writing of this experience in *So Sorry, No Peace*, Royal Arch Gunnison says: "I don't know what I expected but I did not expect to be jammed into the forward hold between decks with four hundred and seventy-seven other men where we were told to sleep, eat on the hatch cover, and wash ourselves as best we could with the trickle of water that was provided."

Three meals were served each day, but the Japanese stewards helped the plates before bringing them to the table and the portions given were so small that nobody ever got enough. This system of serving was a racket organized by the Japanese waiters. They were holding back the food in order to sell it between meals to the hungry passengers.

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We had trouble, too, from our own people. Among the passengers we had a number of criminals—Americans who had been in jail in Manila at the beginning of the war, but who were released in a general amnesty when the Japanese took that city. These men gave trouble after their release, and now the Japanese were getting rid of them by sending them to America on our ship. Liquor flowed freely from the bar on the *Teia Maru*. The lawless characters got drunk, had fights, and tried to brain respectable passengers with beer bottles. The Japanese captain refused to exercise discipline so long as the passengers said nothing against Japan. He would navigate the ship—nothing more. So it became necessary for the repatriates to set up a committee to keep order. This was done with the help of the Swiss delegate, and the new committee appointed a number of our leading men as “policemen.” One day I was standing on the narrow stern deck watching the gulls that followed our ship. Suddenly I heard a scuffling sound, and four of our policemen appeared carrying a rowdy whom they were holding like a sack of salt. One of the men opened a door just behind me, and the four threw their prisoner inside. I had been standing just in front of the brig—the ship’s prison. We had better order after that.

Many found the long voyage tedious. We had no books save the Bible, and we were not allowed any writing material. However, the Japanese furnished us plentifully with propaganda books about their “divine mission” in this war. These books were: *The Construction of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere; Three Centuries of Wars of Aggression and Conquest*, the aggression and conquest

being that by Great Britain and America; *Singapore Assignment*, a glorification of Japan's achievement in taking Britain's far-eastern fortress; and *The Coming American Revolution*. We gladly accepted these books, because their flyleaves gave us something to write on. I have my set now, and the blank pages are all written over with notes on the book of Romans, which I was teaching to a small group on the ship.

One great diversion was the lectures and concerts that were permitted from time to time in the main dining room. We had so many interesting persons on board that we never lacked for lecturers or concert artists. The passengers were particularly interested in learning about the countries whose shores we were passing, and also about the new stars that were visible as we entered the Southern Hemisphere.

We also had opportunity classes just as we had done in camp, but the difficulty now was to find a place where such groups could meet. All the public rooms were filled with bunks, so we had to look for space on the crowded decks. Students would select a spot, beg or borrow one chair for the teacher, and then, if no other chairs were available, seat themselves on the dirty floor at his feet. In this way I took a course of lectures on "Europe After 1870" given by Florence Janson Sherriff, now of Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia. We wondered how she could lecture on the countries of Europe one after another without reference books and without notes, but she did. In this course we learned many of the causes that led to the second World War, but the Japanese never knew what was going on. "Europe After 1870" sounded innocent enough.

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To many of us the religious services constituted the brightest spot of the voyage. By special arrangement we had beautiful services of worship in the first-class dining room on Sundays, and large gatherings for Bible study and prayer in the third-class dining room every day. With all of this going on, and the beautiful tropical seas all around us, many of us felt that no one had a right to be bored.

After two weeks we reached Singapore. From that point the nearest way to Goa was through the Strait of Malacca, but we were not allowed to go that way. Instead, we had to detour around the big island of Sumatra. I was delighted. I had never crossed the equator, and I was looking forward to that experience as we went from Goa to the Cape of Good Hope. Now this detour would make us cross the equator two extra times! Truly the Japanese were giving me a lovely trip!

When we were a few days out from Singapore I was all set to be "introduced to Neptune," but alas! we were told that our ship's position was a military secret and there was no use asking when we would cross the equator. However, I kept right on asking, and when the time approached I went to the deck with my friend Eloise Bradshaw, who knew her astronomy so well that she could calculate almost exactly when we would go over. Out there under the tropical stars she and I had our own little service of worship. We prayed for the people in equatorial lands around the world, and when our little service was over I felt that it had meant more to us than any hilarious introduction to Neptune could have meant.

A night or two later, as we were passing through Sunda

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Straight, several of us were sitting on deck in the moonlight straining our eyes to see all that we could of the Dutch East Indies. We thought we had seen Borneo in the afternoon, and now that shadowy outline to the left must be Java. Over there to the right was Sumatra, and all around us were the dim shapes of smaller islands. But would we see it? There was only one chance in a thousand. Why, there it was! The volcano Krakatao, with fire coming out of the top! We hugged ourselves with joy. This was the volcanic island which had blown up in 1883 with the greatest explosion the world had ever known. The sound was heard three thousand miles away, and now we were seeing it! Oh boy, what a trip!

When we had been at sea for a month we came to Goa. This small colony was several hundred miles south of Bombay. Our teachers and lecturers had told us so much about the history of this place that we were now quite intelligent on the subject.

Our hearts thrilled as we neared the little port, because the Swedish ship *Gripsholm*, bringing fifteen hundred Japanese from New York, was to meet us there, and we would be exchanged. We looked this way and that, but the *Gripsholm* was nowhere in sight. This was a terrible disappointment, but the next afternoon the longed-for ship appeared on the horizon, looking like a great white bird. Fifteen hundred people jammed the decks of the *Teia* to watch the splendid ship come in. Many eyes were wet. This ship would bring us mail from home, and trustworthy war news, and nourishing food. But above all she would bring us—freedom!

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It took several days to arrange the preliminaries for the transfer. One detail was that we were to be counted and exchanged on the basis of one American for one Japanese. After three days all was ready. The two vessels were standing end to end beside the wharf. A line of box cars was placed on the little railroad that ran parallel to the water's edge. Two lines of passengers began to move. The Japanese disembarked from the *Gripsholm* and marched on the shore side of the box cars over to the *Teia Maru*, while the Americans left the *Teia* and marched on the harbor side of the cars to the *Gripsholm*. We did not see each other on the way.

The exchange was completed about ten-thirty in the morning, but shortly afterward a commotion arose. The Japanese were short three women passengers. Did that mean that three Americans could not proceed to New York? A search was made, and the three stowaways were found hiding in one of the bathrooms on the *Gripsholm*. Poor things! They were hoping they would be taken back to New York. These women were typical, I am sure, of quite a number who were going to Japan only because their government had ordered them to do so.

The Americans lolled on the deck of the *Gripsholm*, enjoying the novelty of having enough chairs for everybody to sit down at once. Suddenly I heard that chocolate bars were being distributed on the upper deck. Chocolate bars? Were there still such things in the world? I hurried to the upper deck. But when I got there the distribution had ceased. However, a friend had secured one for me. I heard later that the Red Cross workers who were sent out from

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New York to look after us had been eager to give something nourishing to the passengers as soon as they got on the ship. So they planned to give a six-ounce Hershey bar to each of the fifteen hundred passengers. But after a while they found they had given out four thousand bars—and the applicants were still coming! What happened was that those who heard about the distribution marched around and around the deck in a circle, collecting as many bars as they could!

The first meal on the *Gripsholm* was a Swedish *smörgåsbord*—a picnic meal served cafeteria style on three of the big decks. Everything was free, and we were told that we could eat as much as we liked. Spotless Swedish stewards brought out the good things. Chicken, ham, roast beef, pork, mutton, salads, pickles, cheeses, bread, rolls, cakes, pies, lemonade, orange juice, pineapple juice, tomato juice, iced tea with lemon—and finally, for each table, a big roasted turkey with his legs in the air, each leg decorated with a ruff like the one Martin Luther wore about his neck. A shout went up, and the crowd burst into the doxology. They sang it once. They sang it again. Then they got in line and ate. One little boy gulped down a full dinner on C deck, hurried to the tables on B deck and ate again, and then came to A, where he put away a third meal. Nobody laughed. We all knew how he felt. Another boy was found in a swollen condition the day after this feast, and a doctor was called.

"What did you eat?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, nothing much."

"What did you drink?"

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"Only twelve glasses of tomato juice."

He lived through it.

The two ships remained in the harbor at Goa until all the Red Cross parcels sent out on the *Gripsholm* for American prisoners in the Orient had been loaded on the *Teia Maru*. There were literally thousands of these boxes containing medicines, vitamins, and concentrated food. As we thought of the lives that would be saved by the contents of those boxes, we thanked God again for the Red Cross.

Another service rendered by the Red Cross was the giving out of clothing. Many persons on board possessed nothing except the thin dresses or suits they had worn in the tropics, while others had worn out everything they had. How could such people get along on the voyage, and, above all, how could they land in New York? The Red Cross was ready with the answer. They had brought out clothes, shoes, hats, undies—everything!

Two nights before the *Teia Maru* sailed a group of missionaries gathered on the prow of our ship and sang hymns to the Japanese on the stern of the *Teia*. Later, word came to us from that ship: "Please do it again. We can't join in, but we like to hear the hymns. They help us." So on the last night we went to the prow again and sang:

In Christ there is no East or West,
In him no South or North;
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth.

That was our good-by to the Japanese and to the Orient.

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How we enjoyed the big, clean, well-ordered ship. We now had chairs to sit in, beds to sleep on, books and magazines to read, stationery to write on, food to eat, fruit juices to drink, and vitamin pills to take! The Red Cross had provided the last item. They wanted us to be well by the time we reached New York.

The first stop of the *Gripsholm* was Port Elizabeth, near the southern tip of Africa. The British who live there wanted to show their appreciation of what America was doing in the war, so they opened their homes, offering us free entertainment and the use of their automobiles. While there I visited a Negro church where native Bantu boys and girls, as black as the back of the fireplace, were going to school. They looked as though they had just escaped from the jungle. But when they sang for us in their native Bantu language we were amazed. The harmonies were like those of the calliope in an old-fashioned circus procession. Only Africans can sing like that.

After we left Port Elizabeth we sailed around the Cape of Good Hope and across the South Atlantic. Here we had our best view of the southern stars. Most of the northern constellations had disappeared, and those still visible were apparently standing on their heads. Strangest of all, the stars that revolved around the South Pole moved *clockwise* instead of *counterclockwise*, as do those that move around the North Star. I got up many nights at two o'clock to see the Southern Cross and other new stars which did not rise until that hour, but I never understood their behavior. Suppose I should stand on my head there on the deck and look at those stars, would the constellations appear to be

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right side up? And would that mysterious Southern Cross then be moving counterclockwise, as all well-behaved northern stars do? I never got the answer to that one. I was a little too old to try the experiment, and I was ashamed to ask Miss Bradshaw. She had tried so hard to teach me something about astronomy, and I had never learned.

Our second stop was at Rio de Janeiro in Brazil. This was a place I had always wanted to see, for I had heard that the harbor was the most beautiful in the world. We approached the port in the early morning when a heavy fog was hanging over the city and the mountains that guard it in the rear. Suddenly, as we entered the harbor, the clouds rifted high up in the sky and there, far above the city, we saw the Christ of Corcovado, a statue with arms outstretched in the form of a cross. This was the first object we saw in Rio, and the next day as we were leaving it was the last.

Meantime the Methodist missionaries had come to the wharf to meet us. They took us to Bennett College, fed us more than we could eat, showed us our flourishing mission institutions, and then took us on a sight-seeing trip around the city. We saw palaces and palms and, last of all, an orchid show where our eyes, long accustomed to sordid sights, feasted on the beauty of those rare flowers. On the second day, as I stood at the base of the statue on Corcovado Mountain and looked down at the city and harbor, I did not feel at all like a war refugee. On the contrary, I felt as the queen of Sheba must have felt when she said, "The half was not told to me."

From Rio we sailed northward and crossed the equator for the last time. The long voyage was drawing to a close.

GOOD-BY TO CHINA

We had had two deaths, two marriages, and one birth while on the way. One of those who died was the Rev. James H. Arthur of the Presbyterian mission, and the other was Mr. A. W. Turner, an American businessman of Shanghai. Both of these had been ill when they were put on board the *Teia Maru*, but both had lived to taste freedom on the *Gripsholm*.

It was November now, and Thanksgiving Day was at hand. For our celebration we had a service on deck at which a Protestant-Catholic choir sang "America the Beautiful," a Catholic priest led the prayer, a Protestant missionary read the scripture, an American consul read the proclamation, and we all sang "The Star-spangled Banner." It was truly a thanksgiving day for us; we felt that no one ever had more cause for thankfulness than we. The weather had been wonderful all the way—not a single storm on that long, long voyage and no unbearable heat, even when we were right on the equator. People who did not believe in prayer marveled at the smoothness of the voyage, and at our safety while passing through mined waters. But we who knew God were certain that this was his answer to the prayers for us that were going up from Christians in China, in Japan, in the Philippines, in French Indo-China, and in America.

On the morning of December 1, 1943, we entered New York Harbor. Our seventy-four days at sea were over. Our eighteen-thousand-mile journey was completed. Everyone was on deck, and as we passed the Statue of Liberty we sang, from full hearts, "God bless America, my home sweet home."

I WAS THERE

We docked on the Jersey side of the river, and officials from the State Department came on board to scrutinize our passports and other papers. Fifteen hundred people to get in line for the last time! I realized that the examination could not possibly be completed in one day, so I let the *eager* people go first, while I lingered on board for another night.

Across the river I could see the familiar New York skyline. There was the Empire State Building, on which the Japanese had boasted that they would raise their flag. But why should I be thinking about the Japanese tonight? Better think about America, where I was now to live. Ah, that was what was troubling me. I did not want to live in America. I had spent so many years in China that I doubted if I could fit into the pattern of American life. . . . What was it that Madame Guyon said in that hymn we sometimes sang?

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, *or place we shun,*
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy, to go or stay.

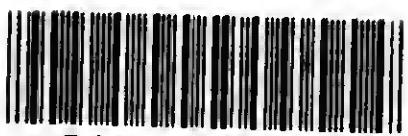
Yes, that was it. But was the standard too high? I knew those words had been true in my life when as a young girl I had left America and gone to the unknown field of China.

GOOD-BY TO CHINA

"O God," I prayed, "make them equally true now as I come back after forty-two years to find my place in an unfamiliar America."

Once more I lifted my eyes to the sky line across the river. Tomorrow I would go ashore to begin life all over again.

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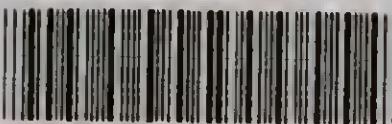
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I WAS

When It Happened

Mary Culver

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This is the story of a missionary in China between the years 1937 and 1945. It is a moving account of the experiences and convictions of one who was caught in the turmoil and upheaval caused by the Far Eastern War.

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GOOD-BY TO CHINA: My manuscript is left in China—I "co-operate with the inevitable"—I travel from Shanghai to New York via the equator and across Africa

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